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## Things in General

WHEN Mr. Israel Tarte as a Liberal Minister developed the habit of speaking strongly on the protectionist side of what ought to be done by the Administration, I think it will be remembered that I gave him all the small encouragement in my power. I am afraid that it is not given to anybody to know Mr. Tarte very intimately. Like the majority of small men, physically speaking, he is swift in action, and moves and speaks so swiftly that one never knows whether he is doing a serious thing or is simply fussing. I am afraid that Mr. Tarte is simply a fuzzer, and if we take this view of him it will be impossible to think that he is anything but the fussiest Yesser that was ever fussed. I was never able to obtain any political consolation or information from the man who was said by the Opposition to be the master of the Administration. He was always too busy to tell me what he really meant or to give me an idea of what the meaning of the whole thing was. It is to be feared that Mr. Tarte is and always was a fuzzer. He did not make the Laurier Administration, but the Laurier Administration made him. It was not he who did much for the Administration, but it appears that it was he who used the Administration to obtain size in the public eye. The more we examine this rather startling production the more we must settle in our own minds that he has taken advantage of large acquaintanceship to bring himself into view. Devoid of political alliances of meaning or worth, he appears to have been busy in constructing a little world in which he should be supreme. That he has gone to Berthier in the Conservative interest places him in a new list, and he must not be surprised if those who once looked upon him as a huge little wonder now rate him as a small little fraud. No great principle has ever seemed to control this man, whose dominant idea was to obtain influence with a large faction into whose hands he could play a subfaction of the electorate of Canada. Sitting calmly to decide the influence of the defection of Mr. Tarte from the Liberal party one cannot but estimate him as a political mosquito, who is much more troublesome and irritating than a creature to be feared. A mosquito may make one's night dreadful by buzzing about, but its wound is only trivial and with daybreak its operations cease. I think Mr. Tarte may be very fairly dismissed as one whose importance has been exaggerated. I am not quite convinced that Mr. Blair is to be wiped off the slate so easily; I am not quite sure that the Liberal Ministry are not making enemies which will result in their undoing. It is quite evident to me that with the death or removal of Sir Wilfrid Laurier Mr. Tarte could do enormous evil. But if we consider the removal from public life of the average public man, we must admit that great changes must come about. Mr. Tarte is apparently hoping to benefit by what death or disease may do in his favor. It is hardly a beautiful prospect, and the working out of the idea may be interfered with by a number of very healthy men.

THE Liberal majority in Parliament have afforded the G. T. Pacific a swift route to all they desired. I have no complaint of the conditions, but it seems to me that we have been entirely uninformed as to what the whole thing means. It is marvelously easy for a newspaper writer to pretend to understand, but as a matter of fact it is one of the most difficult things in the world for a trained mind to follow the circuitous perplexities of a railroad corporation. I am still inclined to think that we ought to have gone more slowly, though I have no evidence that what we are doing will not bring deadly wrong to somebody and no very great right to anybody. It does not seem quite right to go into these huge things so tumultuously and without quite understanding where we will land. If we were quite sure that Parliament was cautious and had gone over every foot of ground and every dollar of expenditure, we might be willing to waive our rights as taxpayers. But we know that such is not the case, and we must all think that we have been rushed into something not for the public interest but to afford an opportunity to somebody to effect a huge graft. It is not a pleasant thought that by means of politics or any other social concern we "can be had" as "easy things" and as the ripe fruit that is just falling into somebody's lap. We may be all these things, and very easy of procurement, but I am not sure that it is quite decent for Parliament to make it so beastly evident that nothing is required but for some smart capitalist to get out after us in order to procure our consent to being swept in with the morning refuse on the floor.

THE Royal Commission which investigated the conduct of the South African war has reported what everyone knew—that the War Office at the commencement of hostilities was in a frightful state of blank, helpless confusion. But even those who have had opportunity to know something of the dampness of which English officialdom is capable had not suspected that the state of affairs was actually so bad as the blue book, copious extracts from which have been cabled to America, makes evident. Lord Lansdowne is condemned out of his own mouth and by the testimony of all the high military officers of the realm. But if Lord Lansdowne was a grand mixer and muddler, procrastinator and all-round incompetent, his successor, Right Hon. St. John Brodrick, was no better, but, if possible, a shade worse. From the evidence it would appear that neither of these Ministers did anything that ought to be done, though they both succeeded in doing much that might have been left undone. It is interesting to speculate as to what will now become of these two politicians, who still hold office, Lord Lansdowne as Foreign Secretary and Mr. Brodrick as War Secretary. Will either or both of them be forced to pay the political penalty of their bungling and almost criminal inefficiency? St. John Brodrick is pretty certain to be asked to step out of the War Office, but Lord Lansdowne, it appears, has been regarded as a successful Minister in the Foreign Office and it will be contended that to decapitate him now would be a useless revenge.

In reading the evidence of the various generals and colonels, many of whom lost their military reputations in the war, it is interesting to read between the lines and note the eagerness of these men to lay the responsibility for all the failures of the campaign at the door of the War Office. Everything that has been said against the latter in the report is doubtless fully justified, and yet one cannot but remember that many of the officers were guilty of equally crass and criminal blunders with the officials "at home." British forces fell into trap after trap and ambush after ambush, simply because it was impossible to pound into the thick skulls of the officers in command the necessity for scouting in advance of every moving column. The fact of the matter is that, with a few exceptions, the British officers and forces in the field fell down quite as painfully and as unmistakably as the arm-chair officials in the somnolent atmosphere of the War Office. The whole British military system was irrecoverably damaged in the eyes of the world and its prestige as a fighting machine destroyed by the actual progress of events during the South African campaign.

This report, which now reveals the rottenness of the political end of the system, is not reassuring to those outlying portions of the Empire which were once accustomed to think of the puissant arm ready at need to strike from London round the world in their defence. Canadians have lost the idea that in time of trouble England could render the Dominion effective assistance. To lean on a government that has been guilty of all the errors and blunders and pigheadedness now brought home to the British War Office, would be to lull ourselves with a security which does not exist. If Canada could not herself defend her boundaries from the invader, it is improbable that England could help her do so. In any event, one result of recent revelations will be that the junior partners in the Empire will in future feel less confidence than formerly in the strength and swiftness of

that arm which they used to fancy was always bared for action, but which now appears to hang so nerveless and flaccid. The result in the long run may not be regrettable. If the colonies are led to nurture their independence and look to themselves for the sources of strength and confidence, it will be much better than depending on the officials of Downing street and dwelling in a fool's paradise of fancied security.

THE more that so-called co-operative building and loan associations are looked into the more difficult it becomes to understand how there can be profitable employment of capital in such affairs without enormous consumption of funds for expenses. Recently a case was tried in the Court of Appeal before judges of that high court, in which an appellant named Lee was against a mutual loan and investment company. The matter appears in the Ontario Law Reports, part 3, page 471. Justice Osler held that the appellant, who gave additional security to the company by becoming a shareholder to the extent of \$1,200, was a borrower, not an investor. Though the company claimed to have lost money and the appellant was assessed for a large sum to make up for his deficit in stock, the judges felt that he was not an investor as companies go, but was simply a borrower. The complications of loans undertaken with companies which are more or less usurious in their tendencies and dependent upon the defaults of borrowers for their profits, should be looked after by the Government to an extent far beyond the limit which has been fixed. The distinction which has been outlined "between a borrowing member and an investing member" should be clear. In the case

normal, one hundred new members being added each month. The prospectus which I enclose explains that a monthly payment of \$2.50—50 cents of which is the expense contribution—is made until the contracting party is placed in his home. Assuming that 10 of such payments are required, \$20.00 will be credited to home account, and there will be still a balance required of \$980.00, which is collected in monthly payments of \$5.00 until the whole liability is wiped out. In addition to this there is the 50 cents collected for expenses as before.

At the beginning of the first month 100 members are assumed to have registered, and pay into the association \$200. This \$200, according to contract, is paid out in four installments of \$50 each, which are the first payments made on the homes of the first four registering members. These members are designated as maturing members, and are placed in their homes immediately, as it is presumed that homes can be provided by installments of \$50. The beginning of the second month another hundred members will have registered, making a total membership of 200, contributing \$400 to the funds of the association. The first four are now required to make an additional payment of \$5.00 a month, since their monthly payments after maturity are \$5.00. The association expends this \$400 in providing for eight \$50 monthly installments, being the second payment for the first four members and a first payment for a second four, who now become maturing members. This process is shown in the table enclosed. At the twentieth month the total membership will be 2,000, the monthly assessment payable by members whose contracts have matured and are yet to mature amounts to \$4,250, which provides for \$5—\$50

business is bad, and should be cut out by the Government. An entirely disinterested person has given me a multitude of figures which I can hardly comprehend. I think I am in as good a position to comprehend these figures as the one who is solicited at a back door to make an investment or to do some borrowing. The thousands of figures are only confusing; one cannot observe them without thinking that it would be wise to keep out of anything so complicated and in which the figures of an actuary prove that it is impossible to be safe. The law courts also show that people should keep out of either such borrowings or investments, and the only advice that seems to be worth while under the circumstances is to stay with people who are doing business on old lines. The Legislature, as the judges have said, should make it impossible for these people to tangle people up. Mr. Downey, a member of the Legislature, who hails from Guelph, should be congratulated on having initiated the campaign against such institutions, but the fight isn't over.

WHAT is the matter with the telephone service? The entire city is up in arms against the way the scheme is being managed. It is bad enough to have a bad monopoly; it is worse still to have so fierce an injustice practised upon the city. We pay too much and get no service, and we are treated with contempt when we apply for redress. Surely this sort of thing can be remedied. It is only occasionally one can get telephone connection with one's friends and customers; it is always that we get "check" from the company.

JOSEPH PULITZER, the blind proprietor of the New York "World," formerly the most yellow of newspapers, has given Columbia University two millions of dollars to found "the first real school of journalism in the world." The details of the great educational foundation are interesting. Five hundred thousand dollars will be devoted to a suitable building on Morningside Heights, another five hundred thousand will provide for salaries and other expenses of maintenance. If at the end of three years the school is in successful operation, Mr. Pulitzer will give another million dollars to the university, the income of half of which will go to the school, the other half to purposes to be later agreed upon. Mr. Pulitzer will nominate an advisory board, who will aid in formulating a course of instruction. The members of the board already named are Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, ex-officio; Whitelaw Reid, editor of the New York "Tribune"; John Hay, Secretary of State; St. Clair McKelway, editor of the Brooklyn "Eagle"; Andrew D. White; Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard University; Victor F. Lawson, a Chicago newspaper publisher, and president of the Associated Press; Charles H. Taylor, editor of the Boston "Globe."

Since this board and the university authorities will determine what the course of instruction shall be, its precise scope is as yet unknown. President Eliot suggests that the courses be: "Newspaper Administration," organization, functions of the publisher, etc.; "Newspaper Manufacture," presses, inks, processes, etc.; "The Law of Journalism"; "Ethics of Journalism"; "History of Journalism"; "The Literary Form of Newspapers"; "Reinforcement of Existing Departments of Instruction," economics, history, etc. This sounds well, but Mr. Pulitzer, through his paper, explicitly states that, though he is determined not to interfere with the advisory board, "it was not his idea in founding the school that it should give so much attention to the business and financial organization of a newspaper as Dr. Eliot's plans suggest. These are easily learned as other businesses are." He thus defines his views:

"The donor's primary object was to found a school to teach the future editors and reporters how best to make a newspaper; to train them in the best methods of ascertaining the truth; to give them the knowledge most useful in the successful practice of their profession, and finally to inculcate the methods and principles which will tend to make the newspaper profession a nobler one, to raise its character and standing, and increase its usefulness as a moral force."

Mr. Pulitzer argues that, as law and medicine have their professional schools, so should journalism have them. He likens its present status to that of law when every boy was expected to begin his legal career by sweeping out a lawyer's office. It is the function of a technical school, Mr. Pulitzer holds, to enable its graduates to handle the tools of their profession with correctness and facility. He expects the School of Journalism to attract more and more to the profession men of the highest capacity and loftiest ideals.

The press of the country has naturally commented upon Mr. Pulitzer's plans with a confident dogmatism quite unusual. "Editors," as Mr. Dooley says, are not "akelly strong" on all subjects, but they are certainly "strong" on this. The great majority of editors of daily papers have risen from the ranks of reporters, have graduated from the "University of Hard Knocks," and they stoutly defend their alma mater. "What the journalist needs," says one, "is not a knowledge of journalism, but a trained and well-stored mind. The rudiments of the business, whether picked up as he goes along or learned in school, are of minor importance." "The stern city editor, he'll re-educate them," says another. "The best training for journalism," avers a third, "is in the shop where journals are made." "The only place to learn the newspaper business is in a newspaper office, and you have to be caught tolerably young to learn it all," says Whitelaw Reid. These seem to be typical verdicts, and, indeed, it is difficult to see how they could be otherwise. With the exception of the technique of journalism, such as instruction in newspaper manufacture, newspaper organization, etc., which Mr. Pulitzer says he does not care about, all the subjects proposed to be taught—economics, history, geography, grammar, science—are already included in regular collegiate courses at Columbia and every other university. It is not, therefore, separate instruction in these branches for journalists a work of supererogation? If so—and it seems so—the justification for the School of Journalism must be found in its elevating tendencies—its improvement of the "morale" of the profession, its use in giving journalism a standing among the learned professions, its influence in strengthening the "esprit de corps."

But can a fountain rise higher than its source? It seems singular that the editor of the yellowest newspaper in the United States (until William R. Hearst invaded New York and out-Pulitzerized Pulitzer), should be the man to found a school avowedly designed to "raise and fix the character and standard of the press as a moral teacher." Will Pulitzer's "World" be the ideal of Pulitzer's School of Journalism? Or will it teach that Pulitzer's methods are all wrong?

SOME Canadians are ignorant of the share which their country has had in former contests for the cup which Sir Thomas Lipton has now relinquished his hope of lifting that the following paragraph, clipped from a history of the "America's" Cup, in the San Francisco "Argonaut," will doubtless be of widespread interest:

The third challenge was made in 1878 by the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. The challenger was the schooner "Countess of Dufferin," of which the designer was Alexander Cuthbert. The yacht was 107 feet long, 24 feet beam, and drew 6 1/2 feet of water. For the first time the New York Yacht Club named one yacht to sail the entire series, and they chose to defend the cup the schooner "Madeline," owned by John S. Dickerson, then commodore of the Brooklyn Yacht Club, and a member of the New York Yacht Club. "Madeline" was easily victorious in the two races, winning the first by nine minutes fifty-eight seconds, and the second by twenty-six minutes thirteen seconds. The first race was sailed over the New York Yacht Club inside course, and the second was from Sandy Hook, twenty miles to windward and return. In 1881 the Canadians challenged again. The challenger came from the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, and they named as their boat the sloop "Atlanta." This was the first sloop to challenge for the "America's" Cup, and her designer was the same Mr. Cuthbert who had designed the "Countess of Dufferin." In that year, for the first time in the history of the



J. MACKENZIE ROGAN, BANDMASTER COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

Mr. Rogan is also Bandmaster of the Brigade of Guards, and is a Composer and Choral Conductor.

in point the borrowing member, who was also included as an investing member, "paid between ten and eleven per cent; if he had paid, or was to be made to pay, what the defendants demanded in addition, the rate would have been increased to something like eighteen per cent." The learned judge remarked: "There is in such facts a suggestion of extortion which one would think ought to be made impossible by the Legislature, because this, I am afraid, is by no means an isolated case. The two classes, the borrowers and the investors, should, I think, be classified; their respective rights and obligations more clearly declared; and in the case of borrowers on mortgage, the maximum obligation should be declared in plain language in the mortgage itself instead of having to be spelled out of a series of complicated and repeatedly amended rules, as in the present instance." It is very unfortunate that litigants have to spell out laws made by the Legislature; they have to decide what is to be the meaning of a government enactment; they must be in doubt as to what their obligations are. The man who had the suit would have had to pay about \$500, his proportion of the loss claimed by the company on their business on a \$1,200 loan, in order to obtain which loan he had to take shares. The whole thing is so complicated and so miserable that an actuary's report which I have before me on the entire matter seems perfectly unintelligible. That the investing and borrowing public should be left at the mercy of men who make a business of this sort of thing cannot be comprehended. If I had space to spare I would give the figures in the statement of the actuary, which clearly prove that in the initial instance the borrower must make money, but in the final instance it would take him nearly two hundred years to get to where profits would accrue and he could obtain funds.

Following is the letter I spoke of as coming from an ac-

tingueur:

Dear Sir.—I am submitting to you figures explaining the operation of Building Association funds, which are based on the prospectus and contract form of the Dominion Co-operative Home Building Association, Toronto. Since seeing you last I have written to other companies doing similar business in Canada, and, judging from their literature sent me, believe them to be carrying on business on virtually the same methods. The idea of co-operation appears to have originated with English companies, which have, however, operated on a strictly equitable and co-operative basis. American concerns of a similar kind have been promoted, and Canadian companies are now being started extensively throughout the Dominion. There are at present, I understand, about a dozen in existence in Canada, and some have already gone to the wall.

I am assuming that the growth of the society will be

monthly payments on homes, and leaves a balance of \$0.00.

At the twenty-first month 20 payments will have been made on the homes of the first four members, which are therefore fully paid for by the association. It now takes a mortgage on these properties in lieu of the monthly contributions yet to be made by these members.

You will observe that these four members are now placed in a column headed "Matured Members." The monthly assessment provides for \$9 maturing members, so that the total number of members placed in homes at the 21st month is 93.

A casual glance at this table will explain how members

who are induced by reckless promises to join the association must inevitably be disappointed. In one prospectus I have noticed that a member will be placed in his home in 12 months, in another 24 months is assumed as the limit.

The 85th member who registers is placed in his home at the 20th month. The 207th member who registers is placed in a home at the end of 34 months; his contract having started in the third month, he is compelled to wait 31 months; and so on. As the society becomes older, and its affairs and membership become normal, a member must expect to wait practically 15 years before he is placed in his home.

The assumption on which these tables are based is an extremely fair one, and gives the most favorable figures possible for the society. Indeed, if new members cease to register and old members become disaffected, as quite probably would happen, and drop out, the association will be absolutely unable to carry out its contract with maturing members whose homes are being provided for.

The scheme is entirely inequitable; new members have to pay for old members, and members are induced to join by unsustainable arguments.

In conclusion, I would draw your attention to a table showing the ratio of expenses to disbursements. As stated before, a levy of 50 cents a month is made on all members.

At the hundredth month the monthly collection for expenses is \$5,000, the monthly disbursement for homes is \$24,000,

making the very large expense ratio of 21 per cent. It is to be understood here that agents of the association receive their commission out of an additional entrance fee, and all legal and other expenses in connection with getting the homes are borne by the members themselves, so that a very good graft is in hand for the promoters. It is worthy of notice also that the prospectus contains letters from such prominent men as G. W. Ross and the Rev. Dr. Briggs, who certify to the character of the promoters.

I cannot think of giving the intricate tables which the actuary has furnished, but will wait to do so until there is some dispute with regard to the facts. The whole business is so intricate that no working man or working woman should be placed in the position of solving the problem. The

races, a yacht, the 'Pocahontas,' was built to defend the cup, but she did not prove fast, and after some spirited trials the sloop 'Mischief' was chosen. The first race was sailed on November 8th, over the inside course, and 'Mischief' beat 'Atlanta' twenty-eight minutes, twenty seconds. The second race was sailed on November 10th, over a course sixteen miles to leeward and return, and 'Mischief' again won easily, this time by thirty-eight minutes and fifty-four seconds."

There is a mistaken idea in some quarters that Canada might not be considered as eligible to challenge for the cup, and that a challenge from this country might be refused by the New Yorkers. Of course there is no sound basis for such a notion. The challenge of the Royal Canadian, Royal Hamilton, Royal St. Lawrence or Halifax Yacht Club would have to be accepted if anyone should come forward willing to build a yacht and sail her under the colors of any of these organizations. Not only is there nothing in the nature of a rule to prevent Canada having a try for the "America's" Cup, but, if there were, precedent has fully established our right in the matter.

A RESIDENT of the west end of the city beyond Dufferin street writes complaining of the inadequate car service with which the thirty or forty thousand people in that section are forced to put up every year during the Exhibition. This correspondent says that the end service on King street from Dufferin west is, as usual, entirely unequal to the requirements of the traffic, especially from 7 to 9 a.m. and from 5 to 6 p.m. People who live west of Dufferin street are dumped out of the King street cars, all of which turn down to the Exhibition grounds, and must wait for one of three inferior old rattledebang cars, which trundle along at a snail's pace, and are protected on the track-side by nothing better than a cow-rope. The service on Queen street, though better, is not as good as it should be. Most of the Queen street cars turn down Dufferin to the Exhibition; a few run through to Sunnyside.

Everybody expects to suffer some inconveniences through the Exhibition, but it is a serious thing if a large residential section is permitted to be virtually deprived of both its cars for two weeks every year through the rapaciousness of the Street Railway Company, which is bound to collect the most fares and does not care what becomes of the citizens who must ride to and from their work whether the Exhibition comes or goes. The City Council ought to see that the people of Parkdale get a square deal from the Street Rail-

way.

THE first cable despatches of the new and subsidized Canadian Associated Press appeared in Thursday morning's papers. While not devoid of interest, it must be admitted that these news paragraphs, supposed to be prepared specially for the Canadian palate, are rather weak, colorless and insipid. It cannot be seriously argued that they compare in range or merit with the cable despatches which the Canadian papers receive through the A. P. A. or by special arrangement with the great New York dailies. At most, the new service can only be a supplementary one, and it is not to be imagined for a moment that any live Canadian daily paper will sacrifice the old service for the new. It was a pretty cool touch when a few newspapers induced the Dominion Government to make an annual grant for the maintenance of what should be on a strictly commercial basis. There was a loud howl against despatches "American" in tone and color. The cable service will have to justify itself in the eyes of both editors and readers, and unless it contains sufficient good meat to catch the popular taste, the fact that it is subventioned and stands on Government props will not save it.

KING EDWARD has again played the star role of peacemaker—this time in Vienna, where he appears to have been received with as much enthusiasm as his visits to Lisbon, Rome and Paris evoked. The King's frequent trips abroad and his gracious demeanor in the foreign capitals which he enters certainly cannot fail to break down, or at least weaken, the anti-British prejudices of the European nations. And at home the King seems as successful in his peacemaking missions as abroad. A gentleman who recently returned from a trip to Ireland, where his sympathies lie with the Home Rulers, assures me that King Edward is sincerely venerated by all classes in the "distressed isle." No Englishman, he says, ever touched the Irish heart and imagination as His Majesty has done during his recent tour of Ireland. Towards Queen Victoria the people were non-committal; Queen Alexandra is liked and admired; but King Edward is loved. So intense is their affection towards him that all through the disaffected South, where sedition was openly breathed, they now proclaim that they do not want separation from England, but only local self-government. They believe that the King will, if spared, settle all their troubles. He is credited with having interposed three times to save the recent Land Bill when it was endangered in Parliament. They believe that he admires the Irish and means to put an end to the centuries of misunderstanding between the two sister islands. Of course the hopes of these people may be as extravagant as their demands have been excessive. The King is not the whole Government, and cannot do as he likes. He is also only a man, with a mortal span of years in which to work out his purposes. But his influence is undoubtedly great, and will become greater if he succeeds in impregnating the whole people with the idea that he is indeed a peacemaker. If spared to preside over Britain's affairs for a few years longer, who can set a limit to the good which he may accomplish for his subjects in every part of the realm?

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself "A. B. C." writes to ask "if it is against the marriage laws of Canada to marry the daughter of his late wife's sister?" Certainly not. The prohibition of marriage between a man and his deceased wife's sister does not obtain in Canada, and of course it could not prevent the marriage with the deceased wife's sister's daughter. Family complications, we presume, are things to be avoided but they are not illegitimate.

A PARAGRAPH that is going the rounds of the United States press is to this effect:

"The Kansas City 'Star' has begun successfully the operation of its paper mill, built within the last nine months. The capacity of the mill is forty tons of white paper daily, all of which will be consumed by the 'Star' and its morning paper the 'Times.' The paper is made from pulp shipped from Canada. There is only one other newspaper in the world that manufactures its own paper—the London 'Telegraph.'

It will occur to the average reader of this information in Canada to inquire why we in this country cannot manufacture more white paper if we can manufacture the pulp. The regulation forbidding the export of sawlogs cut on limits in Ontario for manufacture in the United States has resulted in the removal of a great many sawmills from Michigan to the Canadian side of the lakes, and no factor in the present prosperity of the Georgian Bay region has operated more powerfully than the resuscitation of the lumbering industry. Pulp-making employs a large number of unskilled and skilled mechanics, but papermaking would furnish work for an army of highly paid workmen. Canada should not be exporting pulp and allowing her neighbors and trade rivals to finish it into news-sheet.

TRINIDAD is unfortunately provided with what cannot be well considered as anything else than a fool governor. The Red House, which is the Government center of the colony, was burned down some time ago by the people, who strongly objected to having their water supply cut off. The people may have been wasting water, but the method of preventing them doing so in future was certainly arbitrary and unkind to the last degree. Those who caused the riot were shot down, as the report says, "with a degree of violence indicative of ferocious cruelty upon persons wholly unconnected with the rioting and incapable of offering any resistance to the police." It is one of the unhappy features of West Indian administration that men sometimes re-arrange appointments for which they are entirely unfit. I had an interview with the Governor of Trinidad, who is now on the brier, in which he was afraid to say anything that the Colonial Commissioner did not endorse. The Colonial Commissioner talked to me freely and frankly and gave me all the documents, but the Governor refused to say anything or do anything or be anything but the mere stop-gap of the Empire. The Empire must cease having these stop-gaps in Crown colonies, and must particularly caution those who are absolutely supreme, with only an appeal to the Colonial Office in protest, not to utilize their authority in atrocious ways. The Governor of Trinidad is an Irishman, lacking an Irishman's wit and adaptability and he refused to attend the obsequies of the Queen because it would necessitate his presence in a Protestant church—and was represented by proxy. Such a pinhead is not often found, but when found the finders of him may be sure that in diplomatic matters he will always be wrong. The whole row was

over the water supply, and the water supply had been mismanaged. Every newspaper in the city of Port of Spain, which is practically Trinidad, was opposed to what the Governor and his councillors were doing. It ended in burning the Government offices, and the ignominious flight of the Governor disguised as a policeman. Surely this should teach a lesson to the makers of the laws which govern Crown colonies, that people cannot be kept in subjection when they are unjustly treated. The career of a Governor has been concluded ignominiously. A building containing the archives of the province has been consumed, authority has been ignominiously sacrificed, and now the Crown Office has found that the Government of Trinidad was generally "not in touch with the public." Wasn't it possible to find this a little sooner? Was it not within the realm of officialdom to know that Trinidad was misgoverned? And is Canada to be asked to take a lesson in the misgovernment and revolutions which take place on account of the action of mutton-brained officials who refuse to listen to the advice of those who are best capable of informing them as to public sentiment? In the light of these events, we can better understand the Canadian rebellion in '37.

#### Social and Personal.

The first Dominion Exhibition shows that the management has most emphatically got out of the rut. The huge Manufacturers' building is full of interest, especially to the "Made in Canada" fiends, who have usurped the place of the Imperial Federation enthusiasts. At the opening, which took place in the Dairy building, a new and up-to-date structure, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal occupied a gorgeous little log hung with red and blue bunting, with the President of the Exposition, Mr. McNaught. Each of them read an address. Mr. McNaught laying great stress on the personal pronoun in addressing milor Strathcona. The old man with his snowy hair and bristling eyebrows and flowing beard, was happy in acknowledging that he "came home" in returning to Canada. Bearing in memory the story of his life, not necessarily for publication, but intense in local color and interest, no one can look at Lord Strathcona without great interest and a realization that he still has his early determination to get what he wants, "coure qui coute." There is no quaver of eighty-odd years in his deliberate Scotch-touched tones, no tremor in his light, almost jaunty, tread. He came out of the loge to be photographed, and got back into it with great good nature, to pose to better advantage for the camera man, and altogether gave the company an impression that will remain of a fine old man. Among those who attended the opening were the Lord Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweatman, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenelg and Miss Nordheimer, Mrs. Walter S. Lee, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Aikins, Mrs. Bromley Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. Mara, the Hon. Mr. Gibson and Mrs. Gibson of Hamilton the Mayor and aldermen, the Misses Ross. The Premier was late, and I saw also a glimpse of Mr. Whitney looking in when the opening was about over. Bandmaster Slatter had his musicians ready to play some Scotch airs that made Lord Strathcona's eyes twinkle. God Save the King was on tap also for the close of the ceremonies. The Dairy building was a tiny amphitheater for the crowds who tried to get in, but was a blessing on such a horrid day as last Saturday.

Among those I noticed enjoying the lovely day at the Dominion Exposition on Wednesday were Mrs. George A. Cox and Mrs. Fred Cox, Mr. and Mrs. W. Fleury, Monsieur and Madame Rochebrune de la Sabliere, Miss Elsie Loudon, Mr. de Kramer, Mr. Williamson, Dr. and Mrs. Young. The day was perfect and the evening warm and moonlit, the view of Lake Ontario spread like a sheet of corrugated silver, which one got on emerging from the grand stand enclosure after the fireworks, being particularly fine.

Late wayfarers who prefer not to be squeezed to pancakes in the first rush for the street cars, but perch on some grassy bank on the roadside and wait until the crowd melts away and the last cars are reasonably filled, have observed two things, the tact, care and patience of the policemen and railway men who guard the tracks, and stand like elderly "Little Sally Waterses," with clasped hands, forming a solid living barrier against the crowd, and the comparative order and gentleness of that same crowd, composed of items from eight weeks to eighty years and of every known build. Nowhere in the world could be found an equal number of persons all equally anxious to do the same thing at the same time, where so little rudeness and impatience are shown. When one remembers the tough brutality of such a number in like circumstances in the States, men crowding, women scolding and boys shouting and yelling, the Toronto Exhibition crowd looks like a Quaker meeting. It is a credit to Toronto that so much propriety, consideration and mutual forbearance may be admired any night at the close of the great Exposition. It is this week almost entirely a Canadian throng. Next week, with the usual influx from the other side, let us hope the record will still hold good. And in the meantime let us pass a vote of thanks to the party who reared that changing illuminated advertisement near the loop, for the amusement of those who wait. To know not if one is asked to smoke P. D. Q. corsets or find fine furs, invigorating or always ask for Lifefuel tobacco, and chew nothing but Bogil, or prefer Sunlight cigars, is a delight to the young couple left, followed by enthusiastic good wishes, for a trip to some points in the United States, before settling down in their new home in Madison, N.J.

A correspondent writes: "The marriage of Evelyn McPhaden, daughter of the late Malcolm McPhaden, Esq., to Mr. G. W. Johnson, D.D.S., of Chicago, took place at 'Glencairn,' the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Neil McPhaden, Sunderland, Ontario. The beautiful ceremony of the Baptist Church was conducted by the Rev. J. N. McLean of Wingham, Ontario, cousin of the bride, assisted by Rev. M. Peckover. After the ceremony the guests assembled in the dining-room, where luncheon was served. The bride and groom were unattended, the bride being given away by her uncle, Mr. Neil McPhaden. Valuable testimonials evidenced the esteem in which the bride and groom were held. Dr. and Mrs. Johnson left on the evening train for Chicago, where they will reside.

Dr. and Mrs. Campbell Meyers returned on Sunday from a holiday of several weeks, which they spent at Newport for the polo tournament, and at Bar Harbor for the Horse Show. By the way, a gymkhana is on the taps for the week of September 19th, and I believe the committee is thinking of taking the baseball grounds for it. Polo matches are on with Buffalo, Rochester, Montreal and Calgary for this week, which will give Toronto men an opportunity of measuring pluck and skill with a diversity of opponents. A very nice party from Montreal will accompany the polo team, and Toronto's victory of last Saturday will make them extra polite hosts.

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Mrs. Wells of Moulton College returned from England on Saturday. Miss Knox of Havergal Hall also came back from a summer in England on Saturday. Miss Maude Hirschfeld has rented her house in Maple avenue and taken apartments at 37 Bloor street east.

Mrs. Fred A. Kirby has returned home after spending the past three months at Hanlan's Point, and will be home on the third Wednesday of each month at her home, 49 Cowan avenue. The Misses Lillian and Daisy Kirby of Parkdale have returned home, after spending the summer at Hamilton and London. Mrs. Bert Sommerville of London is the guest of Miss Daisy Kirby.

Miss Daisy Ross of Montreal and Miss Josephine McArthur have been the guests of Mrs. Robert J. Allan at "Hotel Hanlan" during the past week.

The marriage of Miss Buchanan, only child of Colonel Buchanan, C.B., and Mrs. Buchanan, of Stanley Barracks, and Captain John Kaye, R.C.L., of Wolseley Barracks, London, Ontario, is arranged to take place on October 6th, and will be followed by a reception in the colonel's quarters, Stanley Barracks.

The marriage of Miss Emily Gerhard Heintzman, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman of Tannen-

heim, and Mr. J. M. Bascom, is arranged to take place in the German Church early in October. I believe the date selected is October 6th, the "anniversary" of the bride's father.

Invitations are out to the wedding of Miss Evelyn Lukes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Lukes of 502 Huron street, and Mr. Arthur Graeme Slaght, a rising young Toronto barrister. The ceremony will take place in St. Thomas' Church, Huron street, at half-past two o'clock on Thursday, September 17th, and will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents.

Invitations are out to the wedding of Miss Ellen Frances Antoinette (Ellie) Crease, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Henry Crease, and Mr. Clarence William Montgomery. The ceremony will take place in St. George's Church on September 16th, at half-past two o'clock, and will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, 163 Huron street.

The marriage of Miss Kate Ross, daughter of the Premier of Ontario, and Mr. Charles Mitchell will take place on September 29th in Old St. Andrew's Church, and will be followed by a reception at the home of the Premier in Elmsley Place.

The marriage of Miss Jean Hoyle, daughter of Mr. N. W. Hoyle, K.C., and Rev. K. H. Haslam will take place next Saturday, September 12th, in the Church of the Redeemer, and the bride and groom will leave Canada for mission work in India later in the autumn.

On Tuesday last a jolly hunting party passed through Canada from New York en route for the "happy hunting grounds" of Newfoundland. Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt was the leading spirit, and the men of the party number some of the wisest sporting men in the States.

The engagement of the Duke of Roxborough to Miss Gooley is of interest to those of us who had the pleasure of meeting his Grace during the Royal tour two years ago. The Duke, tall, fair, young, and ready for any fun going, was a conspicuous figure at the never-to-be-forgotten visit to the Parliament buildings here. His Grace is visiting Mamma Gooley and his fiancee in Newport, R.I.

A quiet wedding in St. James' Cathedral last Saturday was that of Mr. Huson Harman and Mrs. Blanche Dupee, nee Dumble, of Cobourg. Mr. Huson Harman belongs to one of the best known and esteemed of Toronto's old families, and is a son of the late S. B. Harman. Mrs. Harman's family is equally "connue" in Cobourg.

Miss Ethel Perry of 234 Bloor street west is enjoying a trip through the North-West; she is at present the guest of Captain and Mrs. Casey, N.W.M.P., at Lethbridge, and will next week be one of a mountain camping party from Macleod.

Mrs. Michie of 42 Wellington place and her daughters have enjoyed a charming summer at the King's Royal—the new Owen Sound hotel—and returned home last week. Major Michie has returned from England.

The wedding referred to last week at which the remarkable flowering of a century plant took place in the bride's home, was that of Miss Dorothy Duffin of 554 Manning avenue, who was married to Rev. G. T. Watts of Madison, N.J., on Wednesday, 26th of August. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. T. Morris. The bride wore a simple gown of white, and was attended by her sister, Miss Ella Duffin. Mr. Herbert L. Watts was best man. For the occasion a beautiful arch of smilax and daisies had been erected, adding greatly to the effect. Among the many guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Duffin were Mr. and Mrs. Ed Watts of Pittsburg, Miss Arkle of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. Duffin and Miss Duffin of Bond Head, Mrs. S. McVicar of Midland, the Misses Cameron of Park street, Hamilton, and from Toronto Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Watts, sr., and the Misses Watts, Mr. Ed Caswell, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Keough, Miss Ella Robinson, Miss Ella Roberts, Mr. A. Roberts, Miss M. Morgan, Miss Kindra, Miss Rosevear, Mr. and Mrs. E. Short, Mr. Roy Crocker, Mr. Frank Damp, Mr. Norman Minshall, Mr. Gordon Watts, Mr. Carl Jodecke, and others. The young couple left, followed by enthusiastic good wishes, for a trip to some points in the United States, before settling down in their new home in Madison, N.J.

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Dr. and Mrs. Fred A. Kirby, after their long absence from the city, have returned to their home, 40 College street. Dr. Kirby's many friends will be glad to learn he has resumed his practice.

Rev. J. T. Sunderland of Toronto will preach at the Unitarian Church, Hamilton, the first two Sunday evenings of September, on "The New Thought of the Bible" and "The New Thought of Heaven and Hell."

General and Mrs. Sandham will leave for England about the 15th. Mr. and Mrs. Casimir Gzowski will return with their young people from Muskoka to the Hall about the middle of the month.

Mrs. Menzies Swanson of London, England, has arrived in Toronto, where she hopes to make a permanent residence. Mrs. Swanson's health was the first cause of her coming to Canada, and she may remain to take up her work as a musical instructor, which, judging from her English testimonials,

she will welcome you'll distinguish else didn't

Mrs. FitzGibbon and Miss Babette leave for England on the 15th.

Mrs. and Miss Frances Coen left for Chicago on Thursday.

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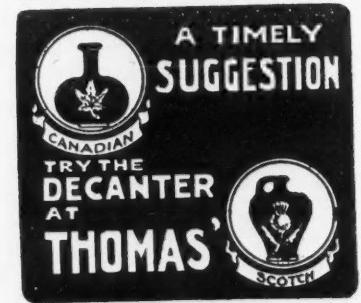
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### Social and Personal.

THE engagement is announced of Miss Mary M. Kinnear, eldest daughter of Mr. James Kinnear of Toronto, to Mr. John A. Milne, barrister-at-law, the wedding to take place early in October.

Although this column is not a woman's exchange, yet the following seems such an interesting chance for some one to take their "rides abroad" that I quote it.—A lady has a thoroughbred mare of four years, either carriage or saddle horse, which she would like to house for the winter with person willing to allow her partial use of it with carriage, etc. The locality desired is Parkdale, Toronto.

On Friday and Saturday, the 21st and 22nd, the guests of the Minicogashene enjoyed some original water sports which gave great amusement to those who took part as well as to the on-lookers. On Friday three sailing races took place. The boats which took part were the "Dokomaru," Mr. W. H. Cawthra; the Minicog mackinaw "White Wings," sailed by Mr. Cameron; the Minicog "Gem," sailed by Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, and other sloops and dinghies belonging to the island and neighborhood. To make it more interesting, each race the crews exchanged boats. On Saturday the water sports were of an Indian character, gunwale racing with canoes, tilting in canoes, which afforded much amusement in trying to upset each other. Each competitor was in bath costume, and nearly everyone had use for it. There was also a paddling race. On Saturday evening Mrs. W. H. Cawthra was hostess to a large euchre party. First ladies' prize was won by Mrs. Corkran, Baltimore. The second was won by Mrs. Tripp, Toronto. First gentleman's prize was won by Mr. W. H. Cawthra, the second by Mr. Gordon Mackenzie.

On Monday week a successful concert was held by the residents of Long Branch at the pavilion, under the direction of Miss Jennie Bassett. The pavilion was tastefully decorated with flags, bunting, maple leaves and lanterns, and was crowded to its capacity with the cottagers and their Toronto friends. The programme consisted of ten numbers, all of which were splendidly executed. Mr. Bruce Pearson, the well-known tenor, who assisted Miss Bassett, rendered two solos, "The Congo Love Song" and "The Glow Worm and the Moth," in his usual good form and got a splendid reception. A comedietta, "Six Cups of Chocolate," given by six of the Branch's charming young ladies, was one of the particular features of the programme. The hit of the evening was, however, Miss Bassett's reading, "Jack Half's Boat Race," which both on account of its appropriateness and of Miss Bassett's accomplished elocution, was rendered doubly attractive to the audience. As an encore, Miss Bassett gave "The Yoke of Oxen." Notwithstanding the many disadvantages in regard to limited stage room, etc., everything was successful and greatly enjoyed by an appreciative audience. After the concert, since a great many of those from Toronto could not get a car on account of the rain, the pavilion was cleared and a short but enjoyable hop was held.

Miss Winnifred Monkhouse of New York is in the city, visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Bertram L. Monkhouse, 46 Dumbarton Avenue, South Parkdale.

Invitations are out this week to the marriage of Miss Dolores Cassidy, daughter of Dr. Cassidy of 69 Bloor street east, and Mr. Manning William Doherty. The ceremony will take place in St. Basil's Church on September 9th, and will be followed by a reception at Dr. Cassidy's residence.

Professor Count St. Elmo des Champs of Toronto University has been spending his holidays with Madame des Champs in Paris. He will return the first week in October.

The visit of Melba on October 15 is a date already red-lettered by the throngs of admirers of this queen of song. Melba will sing in Massey Hall and is bringing her English concert company with her.

Colonel and Mrs. Sweeny of Rohallion have returned from England.

The sixteenth annual regatta of the Aquatic Association was a great success, being favored with fine weather and a huge attendance, over seven thousand people being reported present. Mr. H. G. Wade was the prince of secretaries and in all arrangements showed admirable tact and foresight. All the Island residents took the keenest interest in the contests and the visitors' barges were crowded with a very smart company of ladies and gentlemen. The regatta easily distanced all its predecessors. The patronesses were Mrs. Cosgrave, Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Goldman, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. E. F. Meredith, Mrs. H. Lamont, Mrs. H. Wade, Mrs. Smellie, Mrs. Trees, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Gerald Wade, Mrs. Goold, Mrs. Dunstan, Mrs. A. R. Denison, Mrs. A. L. Massey, Mrs. Pattison, Mrs. George Jones, Mrs. Eastman, Mrs. Donald, Mrs. G. E. Macrae, Mrs. E. J. Lennox, Mrs. Eastwood, Mr. Norman Brown of the Toronto Canoe Club was referee and Messrs. J. M. Wilson and C. A. E. Goldman (Argonauts) were starters. Many sojourners in the city from the States and England took in the regatta and expressed their pleasure at the pretty and interesting sight.

At Galveston, Tex., Wednesday morning, August 19, Trinity Church was crowded with friends of Miss Daisy Constance Langville to witness her marriage to Mr. Burton Sale, eldest son of Mr. Julian Sale of Toronto. The church was beautifully decorated with palms and tropical plants. The bride entered the church on the arm of the groom, to the strains of the wedding march, played by Mr. Hugh Huffmaster, organist of St. James' Episcopal Church, Boston. Mr. Noes, rector of Christ Church, Houston, performed the ceremony. The bride was gowned in white organdie over white silk, and wore a bridal veil of tulle, with orange blossoms. Her bouquet was of white roses and asparagus fern. Her attendants, six in number, were also gowned in white and carried bouquets of pink roses. The bride's mother, Mrs. Henrietta Langville, wore black silk, with mouseline de soie, and was attended by her son, Mr. Theo-

dore Langville. After the ceremony many friends gathered to wish the young couple "bon voyage," and the number of handsome gifts received will remind the bride of those she is leaving for her Northern home. Mr. and Mrs. Sale left Galveston by the Mallory Steamship Line for New York and Boston, where they will make an extended visit before returning to their future home in Rose-dale, Toronto.

Mrs. Emma Scott Raff is spending her summer in Boston at Dr. Curry's School of Expression, studying voice and school methods, besides taking a special library course in physical science and philosophy at the Boston Library. The School of Expression, of which Mrs. Raff is the principal, announces a splendid course of study. The literature embraces the university lecture topics, and every department of work is in charge of a specialist. See announcement in another column.

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## The Trail of the Tangler.

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

BY R. E. YOUNG.

**T**HE "Electric" left the Fifteenth Street Terminal in Kansas City in the yellow dawn of an October morning; the car, with its snub nose and projecting forward cage, nosing on like a great catfish across bridges, railroad switches and cross streets up to Ninth street, where it headed toward the town of Independence, Mo., at a smooth, swimming gait. Just beyond the Belt Crossing the motorman glanced back at the conductor for an enquiring half second, the enquiry being, "Do I dare?" and the conductor flashed back at the motorman, "Sure, dare!" The motorman's eyes were shining and the conductor's eyes were shining. The car began to go faster. Beyond Sheffield, in the open stretch with its sprinkling of country houses, the speed was a thing to question, and quitting the rear cage where he had been talking to two men, the conductor passed through the car to the motorman out front. Two or three of the few passengers aboard, who were noticing, were glad to see that the conductor was disposed to put a stop to the motorman's foolishness.

In the forward cage the conductor, his breath issuing explosively in steamy whiffs, was shrieking to the motorman: "Jimmy! Mr. Shore says a hundred more if we reach Shore Station in fifteen minutes! Let her go! Let her go!"

Then he passed back through the car, humming to hide his excitement from the passengers.

"See here," said an uneasy man, plucking at the conductor's sleeve as he passed, "what's this for? Ain't we a-goin' too fast?"

"Fast!" repeated the conductor, with a look of competency betrayed, "fast!" He passed on haughtily, but turned, on some charitable impulse, to say behind his hand, "We're runnin' on skedaddle time, but that's an expert at the motor, needn't worry, no matter how fast we go." With that, he went on back to the rear, where the two men were waiting for him, the eyes of both burning with impatience and distress. One of them, a big fellow, who seemed to carry one arm with a little nursing care, and who looked ill despite his great size, thumped impotently at the conductor:

"See here, Henry, what are we crawling along like this for? If this is the best, you can get out of this damned snail—"

"Well, I tell you, Mr. Shore," interposed the conductor soothingly, "I'll let you come through and stand by Jimmy. Then you can see how fast we are goin', and mabby that'll quiet you."

"Let's do that. Let's move up there in front, Hardin." As he spoke the slighter and taller of the two men stooped for a medicine case that sat at his feet, and with the case in one hand steadied the big man with the other until they reached the front cage, where they took up positions behind the motorman, their urging for speed becoming like the crack of a whip about the motorman's ears.

Ahead of them Jackson County stretched into the pale, gleaming east with the limitless, dipping roll of the Missouri country. Fields where the corn had been shocked stretched off on the right, up the curve of a hill, into the sky, the line of small dun stacks like so many space markers to the watchers behind the motorman. The tiny red station sheds, the gleam of the silver-white mail boxes on the fences, the three or four big houses of gray stone, the numerous natty houses of brick and shingle, all marked space in running laps for the watchers behind the motorman. Woods tipped with the blood-red, sun-dappled hillsides sweeps of goldenrod, long, lean pastures, switches of rank horse-weed—all were etched out, clean and sharp, against the eastern light, only to be succeeded by other woods, other sweeps, other pastures, other switches, in a ceaseless, merciless duplication for the two behind the motorman.

"Great God!" cried the big man at last, "there is no agony on earth like the agony of waiting to learn whether you are going to be agonized or not." He forgot the trouble that his lame arm caused him, and flung both hands out in front of him in a tortured helplessness.

"Careful, be careful," said the other man warningly, "be careful with your arm, Hard."

"Careful, nothing!" groaned the big man, his heavy hands working convulsively; "what's the use of being careful about me, what's the use of anything when she—Now here, Jimmy, you've got to do better than this, we're walking, walking!" He turned upon the motorman with irresponsible vehemence, but his companion laid a restraining hand upon him.

"Well, you see, the road being so full of curves, Mr. Shore," began the motorman in a faint daze, but letting his car out a little more, his eyes straining toward the weird veiled dawn in the east, his muscles tense with the might of his endeavor to reach Shore Station in the appointed fifteen minutes—"road being so full of curves, I don't dare go too fast."

"Go just as fast as you do dare, Jimmy!" Shore's lips shook so that he could hardly talk, and he turned his wide, well featured face to the man beside him, in a dumb reliance that seemed to be habit with him. Unfortunately for him, just at that moment the look in the other man's eyes was appalling. "Eh-eh-eh! It's no great comfort to look at you! What's the matter, what do you mean?" The words, begun as a cry of protest, were beaten into a hopeless murmur by Shore's tempestuous despair. "If you give up, if you lose hope, you!" he cried, and the other drew up quickly under some lash of self-control. His face stayed as gray as wood ashes, but his tone was quiet and his eyes were steady.

"No, oh no," he said earnestly, his low voice rich and warm and confident; "it's not that I have given up, not that I have lost hope. Only, you know, I have not seen her myself. I have had to take your impression for my impression, and it's hard to wait till I see her and can get my own impression; that's all."

"Oh, it's awful—to keep riding on and on—and we don't get there at all!" Shore's thought was submerged by his tears, and came out in fragments like

holding with relief to the hand of the newcomer, who nodded understandingly, slipped past him, and put his hand on the woman's hand, outwardly the physician only, perceptive at once of the crucial untowardness of the outlook, the thready pulse, the short breathing, the hurrying delirium. With his ear close to her lips he caught the words:

"A long trail, twisting and turning." Then a rhythmic pause, and the beat of the words again: "Don't forget Hardin, he will suffer—that's true—I am far along on the tangling trail—ah me! we go fast, too fast!" A flickering, frightened cry! The physician's hand tightened on her hand, and for a troubled second she was quiet, then her eyes opened staringly, flushed, and steamed. "Garth! Garth!" she cried, and tried to leap up, her eyes wide open upon his eyes, her arms lifted to his shoulders; but he laid her back, and held her with firm, detaining hands, a sudden illumination in his eyes, as wild, as delirious as that in her own. Little by little her head ceased to roll upon the pillow; her lips stopped twitching, and her thick lashes drooped till the fiery gleam beneath them was quite shut out. Carey came around softly from the foot of the bed.

"Wonderful past any 'pathy, that touch of yours!" he murmured, looking down upon the woman's hypnotic calm. Over at the window the nurse was watching, a trained blankness on her face.

"She will have a conscious moment when she rouses. Will you have Mr. Shore here? She will ask for him," said the doctor in low, resonant tones that glided across the air with a musical suggestion more effective than a command. His eyes stayed brilliant, full of a twitching tremor all over his own body.

"Why, seven or eight days ago," answered Shore, moistening his lips and leaning nearer his comrade with that same insistent appeal for help, that same close reliance, that same gigantic helplessness. "This was the order of things: We had had a good summer at Mackinac, after that last seance with my arm studded Shore, he was conscious of a twitching tremor all over his own body.

"She will have a conscious moment when she rouses. Will you have Mr. Shore here? She will ask for him," said the doctor in low, resonant tones that glided across the air with a musical suggestion more effective than a command. His eyes stayed brilliant, full of a strange, white radiance.

An hour later the woman, after a briefly conscious interval, was sleeping; Hardin Shore sat in the next room with a look of hope on his face; in the lower hall the two doctors were talking the case over softly, Carey telling what he had done and had been just about to do, the other not listening, but acquiescing and approving, all after the dicta of the Code; in the room assigned to the nurses the two who were to go were packing their traveling cases in open rebellion.

"Who-all is he anyway, this new man, I wish you'd say," grumbled one. She was the girl who had been last on duty in the sick-room, and there was a significant resentment in her tone.

"A country doctor, from the little town of Penangton down the river where Mrs. Shore used to live, that's all the who," answered the other, equally petulant; "a friend who runs the Shores, if I can read anything—sending people away!"

"And what's his name?" pursued the first speaker, that trained blankness clicked out sharply.

"Henderson."

"But his first name?"

"I don't know—Garth, I believe."

"Oh, I see!"

"See what?"

A look of ostentatious disreverence passed over the face of the first nurse; she would not say what, and presently the two went out of the house and back to the city with Carey.

The people who were left ranged up, watchful and alert, under Henderson's leadership, for their fight with the fever.

"It's treacherous, typhoid," Henderson told Hardin Shore in the very beginning; "it will double on us, it will let us hope, it will cheat us, it will lead us on a long trail, the old tangler." He had got immediately at the woman's "no" that the dizziness of her head was the ceaseless twisting and turning of an aeriform something that flew with her, and he expressed himself with an unconscious assumption of her fancy. "All we can do," he told Shore, "is to keep up with it, keep a hand on it, till we hit it out, then pull her back to us."

The Shore child was sent away, and from morning until night there was no sound in the great house, save the coming and going of careful servants, and the low whispered word: but through it all, up to the dry of the last crisis, the household having responded confidentially to Henderson's presence, the house seemed less sensitively present than disaster hovered over it; the servant's smile sometimes, and in far corners of the grounds the small black children laughed gayly.

"I feel that I'm unfair to you, a regular burden, Henderson," said Shore, who stayed near the sick-room helplessly but enviously; "still, I don't know where to begin to stop it. I'm foolish about you, I want you to be in there with her all the time, and when you are not with her, I have to have you with me."

For a number of years Shore, through a long fight of his own with disease, had been expressing this sort of dependence upon Henderson; for years, through long rests of friendship, he had been utterly trustful; for years, through blinding mists of passion, Henderson had been entirely reliable, entirely true; for years the woman had stood between them; until now, her eyes always insistently upon Hardin Shore's eyes, her hand sometimes in Henderson's hand in secure friendliness, a delicate protective aura playing from her consciousness like a luminous ether, through which Henderson could not look, and would not have dared look if he could.

That had been the way for years. But now out on the red range of the fever, had not the luminous veil fluttered raggedly back, and for once, whether he would or not, had he not seen beneath it? "Garth! Garth!" she had cried, and clung to him. Was it all the craziness of the fever—that she not known him? The mad question became a companion thing of that hurrying delirium of hers, leading him on and on after her, twisting, turning, coiling. And over he put his hands upon his shoulders as though he must push in deeper the burn of those hands of hers; over and over, as her eyes opened staringly upon him, he told himself that the question reached her and was answered, that off on the devious trail of her delirium she came face to face with him and knew him for himself. When he was not beside her, his forehead would grow cool, and he would explain the whole thing to himself; remind himself of the generic truth that the revelations of delirium were reliable for the purposes of the pathological novel only, not for any honest weighing of things; that instead of being taken as signal flashes from the subconsciousness of the patient, they should be taken for what they were, distorted gleams, refracted through the red, obstructive media of the fever-hot brain cells. And

finally, and specifically, whatever this particular woman said in her delirium, the fact remained that in the full possession of her faculties she handed herself and her great power of loving to her husband more unequivocally, more fully, and more beautifully than any woman in the world. Then he would go back to her again.

The cycles went by, from seventh day to fourteenth day, to twenty-first day, in the weird rhythm of the fever, and as he sat beside her, ceaseless in vigilance, meeting the disease symptom by symptom, fighting, nursing, quieting, a strange thing came to pass—he began to see that there were two of him, one, the physician at the bedside, watching the zigzag climb of the fever, his hand on the jerking thread of the patient's pulse; the other, a dreamer who, following a red trail daringly, found what he sought in a tumultuous, sublimated freedom overhead. To the physician below the woman's broken words were formless and void, but the dreamer up above shut his soul about them and made life of them.

"I must be going!" she would cry. "Are you here? Are you ready?"

"Oh yes, I am ready," he would say, that mystical quieting force of his in the smile that he turned upon her. As she grew still, he would talk on, without the spoken word or the need of it. "Now we are flying free! Now we are in our place of dreams!" He would lie back in his chair then and close his eyes, as softly as hers were closed.

"That trail! That trail! The fever would be driving trail!"

"Did you get tired?" he would say.

"I never tire coming up here." Sometimes the physician was sorry for the dreamer, thinking of the awakening that was to come, but the dreamer was heedless. It was so real to him, he followed the trail so often, that it came about that he recognized his sensations like landmarks along the way—the first uplift of his spirit, the wild strength of his soaring, the tremulous joy of finding her.

"The end of the tangling trail," she would mutter.

"I am here at the end. I shall be here always, always waiting," he would insist, a great calm satisfaction on his face, and would open his eyes to find Hardin Shore standing beside them.

"Asleep, Henderson?"

"No, more awake than ever before in my life."

"Is she better, old man? Every time I hear you speak like that I think she must be better, must be coming back to me, there's such a singing joy in your voice, Henderson. Is it true? Is she coming back?"

"Oh yes, she is coming back, not quite yet perhaps, but she is coming back."

"What is it that she repeats like that all the time, Henderson? Can you understand it?"

"It's dream-talk—I wouldn't bend too close, Hard, it disquiets her. You will hear only fragments about the tangling trail of the Thing that flies with her."

"Keeps muttering," repeated Shore wistfully. He put his great hand over his wife's hand in a nerve-racked frenzy of love, and she opened her eyes and gazed at him for a moment, then some bewildered effort at control shivered through her and she lay still.

"Oh, get away, Hard! That's bad, that's bad!" Henderson pulled Shore up with an irresistible hand and drew him into the next room. "You see, Hardin," he explained, driving himself on to comfort Shore with singular consciousness that the woman was directed to him for the explanation, "her thought has come to be so constantly of saving you anxiety because of your own illness that now she is ill her chief worry is that you are in the way of distress about her. It isn't that she doesn't know you; it's that she does—comprehends just enough to be trying to protect you."

The griefed look on Shore's face lifted happily. "That's right, you old conjurer," he said. "Put me back upon the thought of her love of me. I know—try to think of my, even when she can't think."

From twenty-first day to twenty-eighth day! In the blackness of that last night, Henderson, the dreamer, gathered up with an irresistible hand and drew him into the next room. "You see, Hardin," he explained, driving himself on to comfort Shore with singular consciousness that the woman was directed to him for the explanation, "her thought has come to be so constantly of saving you anxiety because of your own illness that now she is ill her chief worry is that you are in the way of distress about her. It isn't that she doesn't know you; it's that she does—comprehends just enough to be trying to protect you."

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"You are all tired out," she said.

"You are all wrong," he said.

"Do you hear the sleepy things outside?" she asked. The katydids were crying and the crickets were chirping in a drowsy remoteness. "It's strange to

hear things and see things and know them for what they really are."

He glanced at her comprehendingly, thinking to let her know that he understood the little shock of amusement with which she was finding herself again, but seeing how beautifully her hair lay about her face, and how subtly her grace showed in the languid, swinging movements of her long arms, he was not sure what he had let her know.

"That trail, that tangling trail!" she began next, as though feeling her way, and Henderson sat up and bent forward, his eyes fixed upon her.

"Well, what of it?" he asked, his breath hard and short.

"Well, I don't know, do you?" She smiled at him, but the little shaking span of her voice showed that she was using it to bridge some chasm that yawned before her. She raised her arms and let the laces tumble more thickly about her face, then looked at him through the veil in an uncertain flare of bravery. "Did it tangle you, too?" she asked.

He leaned forward on the arm of his chair and his eyes burned through the laces into her eyes. "Did what tangle me?"

"Why, the trail that we followed—it did tangle you, too?"

He had a sudden maniacal impulse to coddle, absolute and entire. "Then there was a trail for you, as for me!" he cried hoarsely, "and you realized"—he stopped in that impulse to coddle, for she had drawn the laces closely about her eyes. Seeing her do that, seeing the hurt to her, he dropped back in his chair with a low, sighing breath. "I understand," he said, "you need not be afraid."

"No, not of—not of a sick woman's fancies—need I? Need you?" The voice quivered, and the hand above her head closed tightly. "There was one fancy," she went on, as though to an appointed task, "there was one about—the place of dreams—at the end of the trail—where somebody—Hardin, I expect—always found me. Did I ever—did I ever speak of that?" Her intention to define him for their old rightful relations touched him like an accolade, raising him a bewildered knight-errant, to go whither she pointed.

"My, yes," she answered her evenly, "and next you would cry, 'Hardin! Hardin!' and we should have to scamper after Hard."

"It was good of you—to save me—for Hard," she said softly, brokenly, fast growing drowsy again, but comprehending still. Hardin Shore tipped to the door, his wide face lit with joy, and even as he bent and kissed her forehead worshipfully, his wife was safely sleeping.

Long, quiet days followed, and at the end of one of them, Henderson, still neglectful of his Penangton practice, sat at the window across the room from her bedside. Hardin Shore was in his own room, sleeping off the exhaustion of those weeks of anxiety for which he had been so ill conditioned, and the nurse was out in the young orchard, methodically measuring off her evening exercise. Beyond the window the sun had set, and a soft, thickening gloom lay over the room. Through it the two figures, the woman on the pillow and the man in the chair by the window, were barely visible to each other. She lay with her hands above her head, the new thinness of her face softened by the fall of lace from her wrists. He sat in his chair with his head thrown back wearily, the worn fatigue of his face lifting and floating away like a gossamer whenever his eyes rested upon her. The physician had stayed sorry for the dreamer; the memory of an illusion is hard to bear.

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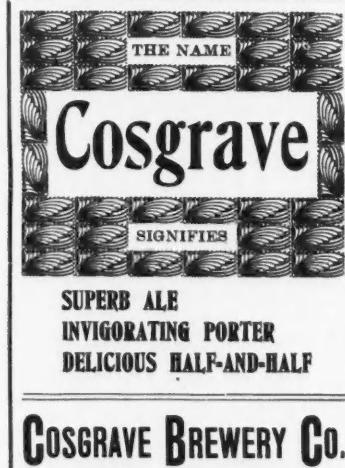
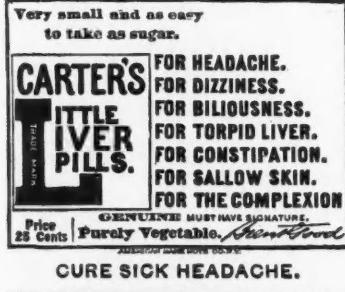
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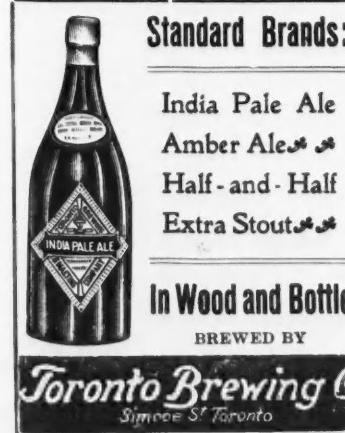
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### HANDSOME JACK. BY ELIAS LISLE.

**W**HEN Handsome Jack first struck the old Skopha Ranch, the boys didn't just take to him. In the first place, he was a stranger. In the second place, he was a swell—no missing that. Then he looked about as chummy as a rattle-wed. Nobody knew his name; nobody knew where he came from; nobody knew how he got his place, or why, or how long he'd stick—nothing. One thing was sure, though—he was on to his job, even if we weren't on to him. A girl down at Red Bottle nicknamed him Handsome Jack one day, and the outfit took it up because the name fitted. We had to call him something, and he wasn't the sort of guy you can say "Here, you!" to, or whistle when you want him. Some of the ladies at the station thought he was, but they found out pretty quickie he didn't know they were alive. That was another queer thing about him—until we learned.

It was Limbo Aleck that first made Jack solid with the boys. He rolled in from the highlands one day, with the red liquor inside shown' pink through his skin.

"Well, well, well!" he says, sizin' Jack up. "Who knocked that off the parlor mantel?"

Nobody said nothing, and Jack didn't make a move.

"Finished real delicate, ain't he?" Aleck pursued. "Where's the plush lined box you came in, Marmaduke?"

Jack was just as thoughtful as a lizard in the sunshine. Accourse, Aleck had ought to have known that any man with the nerve to sit still and take that without a quiver is to be approached with caution. But Aleck was nothin' but a megaphone for the Old Booze to holler through. He ground out a few more observations; then over he goes and puts Jack on the head real patronizing-like. Aleck's hand weighs about twenty pounds, and his manners are mighty ornery when he wants to make 'em. Jack was real put out. He got up and swatted Aleck once in the jaw that would have knocked his head lopsided if he hadn't swatted him the mate to it in the other jaw to set it on straight again. Talk about sinking softly to rest! Aleck stretched out so comfortable he didn't wake up for near an hour. Did he apologize? Not just exactly. Couldn't, because he had to wear his jaw in a sling for a week, and by that time the scrap was outlawed.

Naturally, we all treated Handsome Jack some considerate after that, particularly as we'd already made out that he could ride more than a few, and that his gun-record was in the Handi-with-care class. Only for one thing he'd 'a' been mighty popular: he was so blame' reserved!—never said a word about his own affairs. Yes, sir, he was a sure-enough shy and shrinking violet when it came to anything about himself. Why, he shot as pretty a hole as you ever saw through Dutch Peter's left ear, because Dutch asked him what brand he wore when he was on the home ranch. Dutch said it was a pretty tart answer to what was meant for a civil question, but he never laid it up against Jack. They got to be good friends, after a while, and right up to the finish, if Jack spoke to Dutch on the side of the frilled ear, Dutch'd turn around the other way, and say:

"Try it on this side, old man. That one's kinder sore on you yet."

It was Dutch that was along with me the day she came. We'd rode down to meet the train, and get on line on some overdue express, and while we were collecting explanations from the conductor, there was a little stir down where the one passenger car stood, and a woman got off. You could tell in a second by her gait and style that she was bloodied stock.

"Lord Harry!" says Dutch. "What's that doin' in this apology for hell?" he says. Don't go thinking now that Red Bottle ain't as nice a little burg as need be, with four places where you can get first-class liquor, and a faro game with French plate mirrors. But if did look kind of mean and shabby, with her for a center-piece. And she was some flaugasted, too, lookin' around kind of uncertain and helpless. We had a chance to size her up good—and we did. Says I to Dutch:

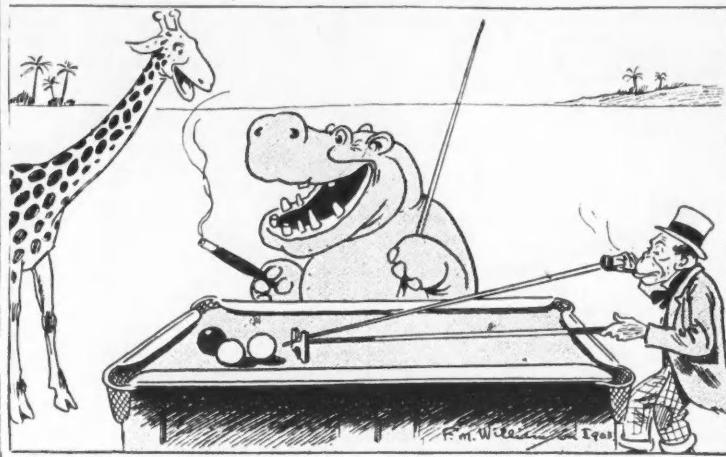
"Well, I'll be everlasting—"

"Same here," he says, interrupting. Then he took another look, and he says, "That's the only job God ever did that's better than Handsome Jack."

Now, Dutch is a gentleman all right, and he means well, but his bazoo ain't always tuned as sweet and low as a summer zephyr, and the lady must have heard at least part of what he said, for there was a kind of smile in her eyes as she walked right up to us.

"Are you from the Skopha Ranch?" she says, and her voice was the last

### A South African Question.



The Giraffe—"Can I join you?"  
Mr. Hippo—"No, you can't, old chappie. This is a spot-barred game!"—Punch.

finishing touch to make a man want to lie right down in the dust before her.

"Yes, ma'am," says Dutch, taking off his hat. I was standing like a loose colt staring at her, till Dutch, who was strong on gentleness, twists his mouth sideways, and growls at me: "Shake that headbag, you Kiyote, or I'll shoot it off!"

By the time I got my hat stuffed into my shirt-front, I began to come to, and realize that the lady wanted to find somebody at the ranch.

"How does one get there?" she asked. "You climb onto a brone, ma'am," says I, eager to please, "an' hike like this."

"Shut up!" snorts Dutch. "It's a good twenty-five miles, ma'am," he says to her.

"Can't I get a carriage, a cart—anything to take me?"

"No rolling stock short of the ranch," says Dutch, "except the ticket agent's bicycle. Limbo Aleck shot a hole in the tire of that last week, to see what kind of wind was inside."

"I want to find some one—a friend," she says, after a minute. "I heard you speak of Handsome Jack. Is he—What is his other name?"

"There's his autograph, ma'am," says Dutch, turning his lone-star ear toward her. "That's as near as anyone here ever came to finding out his name."

"Oh, it's a dog, then," she said, disappointed. "And he bit you there?"

"I'd hate to call him that, ma'am, exceptin' by bite," Dutch replies. "And he didn't bite me, he shot me."

"I'm sure it's not Eric," she said, looking rather startled. "He wouldn't be so murderous."

"It ain't murder in this country to shoot a man's ear off, miss," I put in. "And, as for Eric, Jack looks like that might be his real name."

"What does he look like?" she asked eagerly. "Is he tall and dark with a brown mustache?"

"Beggin' your pardon, lady," says Dutch, "if you was a little darker you'd be a marker for his sister, wouldn't she, Simon?"

"No, not that," she says, very quiet; but the color came up in her face, so I was sorry for her. I wanted to kick Dutch, but I held in on her account. Maybe she'd thought it wasn't polite.

"Tell me more about him," says she.

"Well, he's medium tall," I says, "with small hands and a hell of a grip—Ow! Oh!"

"Yes, yes," she says, eager. "Please don't interrupt him," she says to Dutch, so severe that I bet he was sorry he jolted me in the stomach.

"Slim built, and a swell, I guess," cuts in Dutch, while I was swallowin' breeze. "Oh, and he's got a big scar over his right temple."

"It's Eric!" she says, with a gasp. "Take me to him. No; I must be sure. You'll go ahead, won't you, and ask him if he's Eric?"

"Excuse me!" says Dutch, rubbing his bum ear. "Curiosity ain't my besettin' sin, ma'am."

"Nor courtesy," she cries, flashing a look at him. But, in a second, she put her hand on his arm. "I'm sorry," she says. "You've been very good, both of you."

"Oh, hell!" Dutch busts out. "What's an ear or two between friends? I'll do it. Take my horse, ma'am, and I'll borrow one."

All the way out her talk was like the singing of a spring robin, until we neared the ranch. Then she quieted down. It was Handsome Jack's night trick that day, and I figured Dutch wouldn't have to rish his features, for we'd just about catch him coming up from the river after his swim. So we did. As we rode up the rise he come over the top of it. She gave a little cry that fluttered in her throat, and rode ahead.

"Laddy!" she says; "my Laddy!"

I never knew a full-grown man could fall off a horse asleep or awake, but Jack came near to it then.

"Helen!" he says, with a great ring of joy in his voice; but his face was like a sick man's.

"Laddy," she says again, "I've come—I had to."

He was off his horse, and beside her.

"And where is he?" Jack says, looking at her hard. She made gesture like throwing away something worthless.

"You must go back," he says.

"This is no place for you. I can't look after you. I'm on duty to-night. My God, Helen, why did you come to torture me?"

Down she slipped from the saddle, and put her two hands on Jack's shoulder.

They were the two most beautiful creatures I ever laid eyes on. For them, there was nobody else in the world just then, I reckon.

"There's a picture," I remarks to Dutch.

"Yes, but not for us to rubber at.

We've got a date to size up the sunset from down by the river-bed. Hike along!"

Dutch was a sure-enough gentleman, even if he was a little slow about it. We hiked, but as we went along I heard her voice, with the thrill of music in it, say:

"I'll ride out with you to-night, Eric, and—to-morrow—"

It was early the next morning that Dutch and I met her. There was something changed about her. Her voice was softer, and her face was between joy and sadness, so that you couldn't tell which it was. She rode up to us,

and asked us could we ride back to the train with her. All the way she was very silent, yet, some way, I felt as if we had sort of become friends; as near as might be between a beautiful, high-toned woman like that and two rough ones like Dutch and me. At the station she took our hands, one in each of her little ones, and she says:

"When we are happy, some day, I want you to remember me always."

Then she handed Dutch a little parcel.

"If you don't hear from me within a week, give it to him for me. Good-by."

Within a week she said, so she couldn't have known what was coming. On the way back we found Jack's body. He must have shot himself as soon as she left. Dutch sat down and cried like a baby. He was for riding back to Red Bottle and sending telegrams and things to her—which was a wild idea, considering we didn't know her name, let alone her address.

We buried Handsome Jack, without any name on his tombstone—for a good reason. Maybe we could have got one from the packet she gave us. I wanted Dutch to open it, but he wouldn't have it.

"No," he said; "you know how reserved Jack was. If he was here and seen me open it, like as not he'd shoot my other ear off. No, he didn't want none, and he ain't going to get none. We'll just bury the package with him."

"And we did."

Three weeks later, Dutch and I had got hold of a newspaper and split it. I'd got first draw, and was reading the matrimonial advertisements, when I heard Dutch cuss kind of constrained and unnatural. There he stood, staring at the paper he held, with a twisted face.

"Anything wrong at home, Dutch?" I asked.

"No," he said. The paper dropped out of his hands. I picked it up and handed it to him. He was all in.

"Simon," he says, "the Princess!" Did I tell you that we'd called her that when we talked about her? It seemed to fit as well as the other name fitted him.

"What about her? You've found out who she is?"

With his finger on a big, splurgy headline, he handed me the paper. The tale told of the death of a big railroad official's wife, supposedly from brain fever following a shock, "soon after a mysterious trip to Montana." I looked at Dutch. He nodded his head.

"It's her," he said.

For a minute, it froze me cold. To think of Handsome Jack lying out there alone by the riverside, and the Princess,

she that seemed all made of beauty and music and warm colors and happiness, dying right after it!

"Dutch!" says I—and to save me I couldn't keep my voice steady—"Dutch, I feel like I'd lost money!"

"How did he ever send her away?" says Dutch, like a man arguing with somebody. "How could he have the

right to do that?"

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## Among Those Present.

BY CANADIENNE.

**I**T is almost two weeks since Hamilton had the carnival of its life, and proceeded to speak of our Home-comers' Festival with idle scorn. But it is Toronto's turn now, for, while home-comers may come and go, the Dominion Exhibition remains a vaster show than has been and the pride of our hearts. Other places may have delightful little summer carnivals or ice palaces, but it remains for the directors of the Exhibition to give the Dominion an object lesson in picturesque display.

After all, the crowd is the thing. This year, more widely than ever, it represents Canada—rural and urban, rich and poor; and no one who has gone through those magic gates on many an annual pilgrimage can fail to see in the changing crowds an evidence of what our young country is gaining and holding. Most impressive to behold is the sleek and prosperous capitalist. We know that he has not taken the vulgar trolley, but has arrived on the muddy scene in the carriage of a director and has made a flattering little speech at the official luncheon, when he has declared his firm belief in the future of Canada, and his views on the preferential tariff. Not for him are the dazzling glories of the "Carnival of Venice," or the gay tumblings of the acrobats. He is bent on serious business, such as machinery and agricultural products. Scraps of railway conversation float about him, and he is determined to take the Exhibition solemnly. If he comes from what Senator McMullen would call the "friendly Republic," he looks at first with unbelieving eye on our Manitoba products and our imposing reapers. Surely these things must have been smuggled across the line. But gradually it dawns upon him that we, too, are a people, with our prairies and our factory chimneys, and he rouses to an interest in a land that will pay. The English visitor is still more impressed, and abandons all idea of discovering the North Pole in our back yard, as he sees the golden grain and the crimson-cheeked fruit. The calm and speculative capitalist is a new feature in the Exhibition-goers, and he wears all the earnestness of the man whose time is money and to whom the Exhibition means a stock list.

Hard on the heels of this important gentleman is the Toronto small boy, who may be distinguished from his country cousin by his superior agility and lack of consideration for other people's rights and comfort. Little cares he for the evidences of Toronto's prosperity or Canada's growth. He is there to see the side-shows and to exhibit his own fertile devices for amusement. He eats as long as he can buy peanuts and popcorn, and then he gives himself up to the never-failing solace of gum. He inflates brown paper bags and bursts them with startling effect in the ears of nervous and elderly ladies. He shrieks and whistles and plants his muddy feet on his neighbor's extremities. He makes crude witticisms at the expense of the Jubilee presents, and tries to make the officers of the law believe that he desires to make way with the Countess of Dufferin's necklace. He is a nuisance and a terror, but many an anxious man looks after him with a trace of envy in his worried countenance, for he knows that the boy is getting his ticket's worth.

A trying person to encounter is the utterly *blase* Exhibition guest, who is there only because he had to come with friends from Ancaster or Bobcaygeon. He is an utterly superior person, who takes no joy in the pictures, and calls the fireworks a "confounded bore." Even the gifts from India's coral strand fail to excite his enthusiasm, and he looks at the bewitched wonders as if he were just a little weary of royal splendor. The agricultural implements are utterly beneath his notice, and he would not look at the sheep and cows for anything. He wants to tell about something that he saw in Paris or Earl's Court, and he is distressingly gloomy about everything in his native land. You feel very sorry for the friends he is escorting, and hope that he will encounter the small boy with the brown bag.

The country cousins are still the most interesting feature among the throngs that crowd the grounds and buildings. We are told so often by the press and the politicians that the farmer is the backbone of the country that we are not likely to forget what we owe to him and to our forefathers. And, truly, the Ontario farmer is good, healthy material for a nation's spine. He is hearty and jovial, with a physique beyond question and a laugh that can be heard across Machinery Hall. It is not necessary to ask about his breakfast food or his insomnia, or about his crops, either for his cheeks show the mettle of his pasture and his wallet is proof that the fields have been profitable. He is frankly interested in everything, and his remarks have a David-Harum flavor that is worthy of notice, even when he discourses on the masterpieces in the Art Building. In late years he has brought his wife to the Exhibition, for he belongs not to those cynics who ask the time-honored question, "Is this a pleasure-trip, or is your wife with you?" He and Maria are a sturdy couple, and you are quite sure that their sons will be making or marrying our laws some day. In spite of all the melancholy warnings about leaving the farm, we know quite well that the youths will depart from the paternal fields and seek the broad and sunny pavements of Toronto. No doubt many a farmer's son has formed his first desire to leave the farm during Exhibition days, and has followed his desire, only to discover that city life is not all fireworks and ginger ale.

But the happy people, who are ever with us at this season, are the rural lovers. Have we not all beheld them with awe and delight? They care not for the etiquette advice in the "Ladies' Home Journal," where the newly-betrothed are told about the dignified reserve that should be maintained before the public gaze. He holds her hand in defiance of or indifference to the opinion of the world, while she is quite sure that she is an object of envy to the world's wife. To the boy of tender years and untender feeling they are an object of annual derision, to which he devotes his choicest jests. But they are not to be moved from their attitude of adoration, be the public ever so scornful. Perhaps the gentleman has read Moore's charming lines:

"How the best charms of Nature improve,  
When we see them reflected from looks that we love."

What is true about Nature may be true about the Toronto Exhibition, and the rural lovers lavish their sweet looks over the fancy work and the wheat, and gaze in each other's eyes in rapture over the walnuts and the—lemonade. Why his tie is bright blue and the roses in her hat are a violent pink will ever be a mystery. But their happiness is beyond question, whatever showers may fall, whatever crowds may crush.

### Where the Second Course Comes From.

**O**UT of the blue depths of the Georgian Bay are taken on an average each week throughout the summer fishing season 70,000 pounds of salmon trout and whiting. Without this great natural fishing preserve the people of many of the border cities of the United States would have to go short on "brain food," or substitute some inferior variety from the distant sea-coasts for the freshly-caught and nicely-refrigerated fish of the fresh-water seas.

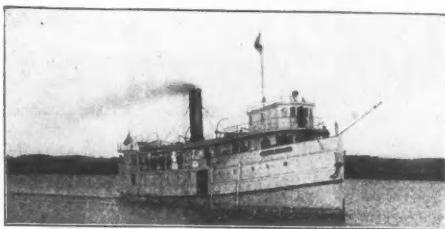
The fisheries along the United States side of the lakes are said to be exhausted. To keep the Yankees from coming over and playing the same game with our fish as they have with their own requires constant vigilance and the services of an armed cruiser, which, as events recently showed, can get her dander up and throw broadsides into the hull of a retreating fish pirate in a way to make the promoters of Anglo-American amity tremble for the consequences. Fortunately the Georgian Bay has no Yankee shore-line; it is wholly within Canadian territory and far removed from the reach of the foreign poacher who casts envious eyes at its still undepleted and prolific waters.

Yet the Georgian Bay fisheries are to a great extent in the hands of "Americans." Canadians do the actual fishing. It is the bronzed and hardy sons of Bruce and Grey and Simcoe, of Parry Sound and of the Manitoulin that man the snacks and tugs by which the harvest of the deep is reaped. But



Duck Islands.

it is a corporation with headquarters in the city of Buffalo that buys three-fourths or more of the catch, that advances money to outfit the always ready fishermen each spring, and that carries supplies to the isolated fishing stations by the same steamers which it sends out for the purpose of collecting the fresh fish. The industry is an important factor in the prosperity of the Georgian Bay region. Much capital is invested. Many men are employed. Despatch is the watchword in collecting and forwarding the fish to market. The "Manitou," the staunch little steamer commanded by Captain J. F. Baxter, which makes a complete circuit of the fishing stations twice a week, is one of the smartest boats on the bay. Night and day she hustles along from port to port, from island to island, from rock to rock, and when her calls have all been made and her hold is gorged with thousands of finny beauties, tightly packed in chopped ice, she sets her



Steamer "Manitou."

wuz, but she wuz a mighty purty gal, an' when she made them hoo-doo eyes at me what could I do?

Well, after wrastlin' him all over a ten acre lot I got the calf cornered, an' got a close line tied 'round his neck to hold him with.

He didn't seem anxious to be took, but with some stratagem and a liberal application of 'ow wide boot I finally got him in a "proper po'." as th' gal called it.

She sed she wanted to get de tail in th' picture, and I didn't see how she could help it for thet calf had his tail stickin' straight up in the air like a sore thumb all the time she wuz takin' him.

Jist as th' gal got us placed right, and had got a good focus on the kodak, a feller come whizzin' past in one uv them naughty mobiles with the steam puffing out behind.

Well, scat my —, yer otter see that calf get. He started fer th' other side uv th' medder like a streak uv greased lightnin', an' he tuke me along part uv th' way with him. Yer see, th' long end of th' close line had got tangled round my laigs, an' when he started off so suddenly like it jerked me oien my feet an' drug me along th' ground till th' rope broke an' saved my life.

I guess I'd a swore if it hedn't bin fer that summer girl.

Well, we fin'ly got M'ria tu help us; we cornered Mr. Calf agin an' tied the close line good an' tight an' I held it. Then we tied the well rope on tother side an' M'ria held that.

I couldn't stand very natural myself on account uv my pance, but I did th' best I cud tu look unconcerned. When th' pictur wuz dun, th' gal showed it to us.

The gal sed I looked like "patience on a tombstone smilin' at beef."

I wonder if she meant anything by that.—"Western Camera Notes."



The Flower Pots.

go southward for Owen Sound or Wiarton. There her cargo is transhipped with utmost speed to express trains, and in a few hours at the outside dinner tables of Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo and Toronto are graced by steaming and savory bodies which but recently were lithe and living things sporting in the cool depths of the misty and mystical Georgian.

A round trip on the "Manitou" is one of the most pleasant and instructive boat trips which it is possible to take. Entirely apart from the beat of ordinary tourist travel, her route lies along the eastern shore of the Indian Peninsula to the south coast of the Manitoulin Island, across the great heaving expanse of Huron and again into the Georgian Bay through the Strait of Mississauga; thence down the North Channel, making several calls, as far as Killarney, whence she coasts along the north shore of the Bay, making calls at some of the wildest and most roughly beautiful spots in all that land of red Laurentian rock and stunted pine. The writer made the trip once as an experiment. He enjoyed it as he never had enjoyed a boat trip before. He made it over again a second time, with added zest, with keener appreciation of the panorama of watery expanse and rugged shore. And it was with difficulty that he tore himself from the hospitable cabin of the "Manitou" at the end of even a second trip. For the beauty and glory of Nature in those northern spaces enter one's soul and enchain the mind.

LANCE.

### Uncle Josh and the Camera Girl. They Photograph the Calf.

Uncle Josh.

**W**HEN the summer gal was down here with her kodak, I had a brindle calf down in th' medder. He wuz mainly noted for th' length uv his legs, an' th' wobbly way he used them; he wuz uv th' masculine gender.

Thet calf wuz just old 'nuf tu be rambunctuous. Th' summer gal wuz determined to take a picture uv eth calf, but th' dodgasted calf wouldn't hol still fer her to git a focus on him.

Well one day she axed me wouldn't I hol' th' calf fer her! She sed she wuz makin' some studies in "still life."

I guess she didn't find much still life in thot blamed calf. I kinder hesitated, for I know'd what kind uv a critter he

### In Aristocratic Company.

**T**HE following character sketch has been communicated to "Saturday Night" by a member of the Canadian contingent in South Africa:

We had been discussing preferential trade within the Empire, the Imperial Trade Congress at Montreal, Imperial Federation, the death of Lord Salisbury, the last aristocratic scandal, the dangerous levelling tendencies of the age and other subjects dear to the heart of the Canadian who prides himself on his "colonialism," and the club smoking-room seemed hazier than the tobacco smoke alone explained.

"You say a man's a man for a' that," said a young old chap who prided himself and travelled much on the fact that his great-great-grandfather had lost a nice little Government job in a New England village through the change of Government brought about by the difference of opinion regarding taxation without representation over a century ago, and who found it more agreeable to take to the woods of Canada after the question of taxes had been settled. "Now, look here, as a matter of fact, have you ever known



Interior of a Toronto residence at night during Exhibition.

a lord intimately?" The man addressed had. "Most of 'em," he said, "I have seen, have been sort of on a pedestal or in dress parade, but I have known quite a few, and let me tell you that the much-lamented Robbie Burns knew what he was talking about when he wrote 'A man's a man for a' that.' Let me tell you about one of 'em. He was a lord all right, one of the modern kind. Knight-errantry had gone out, and he couldn't jingle around in a suit of hardware talking blank verse through his helmet. He wasn't in the army, and the eyes of the world were on the South African campaign, so he hunted up the center of the stage and became a sort of supernumerary war correspondent. I had been patronized by him at Hotel Nelson, the swagger hotel of Cape Town, condescendingly noticed by him at the Orange River and given a cigarette farther up the line when I was famishing for a smoke and altogether treated nicely by him. But I never knew how very much an English lord was constructed along the same lines as the descendant of a long and illustrious line of Canadian settlers until the battle of Belmont came off. That was where I became intimate with an English lord. You see, there is nothing so levelling in this world as a number of men who are good judges of distances and fairly good shots looking at you through the sights of a well-directed Mauser rifle. The lord and I were hunting for news, and found trouble in proceeding from the top of a little kopje a few hundred yards away that the storming party had overlooked in the charge forward. They had laid low until the lord and I were the only reasonable cock-shots in the neighborhood, and they opened on us. The Boers are not the wonderful shots reported gives them credit for being, but the ordinary run of the back-velvet variety are good enough to make a couple of people armed with lead pencils decidedly uncomfortable at a range of four or five hundred yards. That is if they attend strictly to their shooting and if there is nothing to distract them. And there wasn't, for they couldn't hear the English lord's imprecations as a bullet pinged close to our ears or threw up the dust a few yards away. I didn't feel like dying that morning for my country or an opportunity for the Cithanders of the Transvaal to out-vote the native born. Neither did I think that the star of the British Empire would finally set if I hunted for the friendliest looking hole in the neighborhood. I found it. Two and one-half seconds before the English lord. There was just about that amount of difference in the nature of a Canadian plebeian and an English aristocrat, or it may be that I could run that much faster. The hole was part of an old disused roadway over the veldt. It was an ordinary every day three-foot bog-hole by the side of the two-foot embankment. I got in first. 'Room for me?' he queried anxiously, as the bullets sung merrily about his ears. There was about three inches of water in the hole, but when the English crowded in and sat down there were about eight. Our knees met each other's, and nearly came up to our chins, and we couldn't have helped being intimate if we had tried. The big guns of the British boomed and the shot came whizzing along the apparently deserted plain into the Boer position, and we stayed in companionably and democratically together. We abused the Boers, smoked one-half each of the only dry cigarette either of us had, and the Englishman with a sense of the eternal fitness of things, didn't talk about his bath. We were only there three-quarters of an hour, but that was long enough to teach me that an English lord will fill just as large a part of a water hole as a Canadian newspaper man. There can be very little hauteur or stand-offishness in a three-foot mudhole. Talk of the levelling effects of wine! It is not in it with a mud puddle properly sat in."

### An Ethical Conversation.

**W**HAT shall we talk about?" said one of the loungers on the summer boarding-house piazza.

"Why talk at all?" said the head lounger in the hammock.

"Why not work instead?" suggested the woman with the perpetual embroidery frame.

"Or read?" put in the one with an inveterate habit of carrying a book which she never opened.

"There's no use in saying 'Why talk at all?'" said the first speaker, impatiently. "You might as well say, 'Don't breathe.' We always do talk, and we always will talk, and so do any two or three people who happen to be together, unless they're stupid beyond the average. Even then they make some remark, if it's only about the weather. Men laugh at women's tongues, but they talk themselves when they're smoking together, and like it, too."

"But surely the truest friends are those who can be silent together without embarrassment," said the embroidery woman, who was given to long pauses in speech on occasions of difficulty in stitch or design.

"Yes, for about five minutes. I've always observed that those who have long periods of silence are either hopelessly ungenial or temporarily unable to find the point of contact. And while they're silent they're usually miserable."

"I can readily understand that you are usually miserable while silent," said the girl with the book, looking abstractedly across the lawn.

"I am, unless otherwise occupied," retorted the advocate of speech, "and so are you. The civilized human being has been taught to talk from babyhood, and if he or she can't find a worthy subject she—and he, too—falls back upon an unworthy one—gossip, for example. It was to steer clear of gossip that I asked the question. What shall we talk about?" For we have run out of topics, and unless we make a conscious effort to find a good one we shall bump aimlessly into a bad one. The current of conversation is full of snags."

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed the lounger in the hammock. "Go on and entertain us further. A good monologue is at least a novelty, and you are getting all the benefit of exercise."

"I'm glad of appreciation; I wasn't sure of getting that! But I only wanted to give your active minds a start. Let each one suggest a topic. Be spry, but don't fall over each other."

Every one laughed a little, but no one brought forward the required topic, until one young woman who had hitherto been indulging in the much discussed privilege of silence said quietly:

"I have been thinking of a subject of both ethical and theological significance. Shall I advance it?"

The girl with the book laid down her volume and suddenly began to fan the speaker's head, while some one exclaimed:

"For pity's sake, spare us!"

"It's eminently practical also," she went on, serenely. "I was thinking of the virtues and vices and how they overlap each other, so that you can't tell one from the other."

The group began to look interested.

"For example," continued the student of ethics, "a good talker may degenerate into a gossip. A gossip may have come through a natural habit of close observation or a kindly interest in the joys and sorrows of others. Good and bad are so intermixed that one often seems to consist only of the other carried to excess."

"Yes, indeed," put in the woman who had asked for topics. "Can anything be more disagreeable than a virtue in too large doses?" Take industry; it degenerates into a stupid mechanical habit, which can almost become a vice."

The woman with the embroidery gave her an instinctive glance of inquiry, but another struck in quickly with:

"Just think what a terrible creature a very orderly person can become!"

"Yes, and those lovely, easy-going people are so often slovenly and careless."

"It almost seems as if goodness itself were a mere question of degree."

"That's what I was thinking," said the one who had started the subject. "A positive vice is hardly worse than the excess of any given virtue."

"There come the men from the train!" exclaimed one of the group, suddenly.

"Do let's continue in our next," said the girl with the book, as every one rose. "There's nothing I do on like ethics and theology."

### Not a Case of Necessity.

**Peer and Peasant in the British Realm**

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Mineral Water**as the most efficient and yet most gentle remedy for **CONSTIPATION** and all complaints arising from a sluggish Liver. Half a tumblerful taken in the morning on rising brings gentle, sure and ready relief.**Anecdotal.**

Queen Victoria, on her last trip to Italy, visited a church at Assisi, where she met a very devout monk, who escorted her through a chilly corridor. His head was shaven, and she asked him if he did not feel the draughts, wearing the tonsure in the way his order did. His reply was not in Italian, as she expected, but in perfect English, tinted with Celtic brogue: "No, madame, I don't suffer at all in that way. You know, we Irish are a hot-headed race!"

The long-suffering disposition of the London Bobby is well known. Once upon a time, however, an old lady buttonholed one of these obliging officers of the law and proceeded to put to him a string of questions compared with which the Shorter Catechism simply did not amount to a circumstance. Finally, having exhausted her stock of queries, she asked: "Why do you wear that funny sort of strap under your chin, constable?" "That, madam," he replied, gravely, "is to rest our jaws when they get tired of answering silly questions."

Howard Paul says that on one occasion William J. Florence, at the end of a not very prosperous engagement in San Francisco, announced a benefit for himself and his wife. The late John W. Mackay happened to be in town at the time, and wrote to Florence for one orchestra seat. It was duly sent, as a matter of course, and Mrs. Florence remarked to her husband that, considering the friendship existing between the two men, she thought Mr. Mackay might have taken a private box at least. "Wait," said Florence, "he has not paid yet, and I am in no hurry." The benefit took place, Mr. Mackay came from Virginia City to occupy the seat he had taken, and a day later he sent Florence a cheque for \$1,000.

A woman was charged the other day in Paris with shoplifting, to which she indignantly pleaded not guilty, her contention being that it was a case of mistaken identity. But the judge, who was a wily old gentleman, addressed her as follows: "I understand, madam, that you contend that the detective is altogether wrong in thinking that you are the lady who attempted to remove a variety of articles under cover of a cape? And yet the description which is given of her exactly corresponds with you. (Reading): 'A young lady, tall, striking, and remarkably handsome, lustrous eyes, a perfect figure, small feet and hands, exquisitely dressed.'"

"Stop! Monsieur le Juge," exclaimed the young lady, with a far-away look in her eyes. "I plead guilty." "Ah!" said the judge.

Talleyrand used to excuse his infarriage with a woman so lacking in tact and sense on the ground that clever women might compromise their husbands; whereas stupid women only compromised themselves. One day Denon, the famous Egyptologist, dined with the Talleyrands. M. Talleyrand invited his wife to read Denon's books. She dutifully went to the library, out of the way forgot the name. She could only remember she wanted the book of a famous traveler whose name ended in "on." The librarian gave her "Robinson Crusoe." Mme. Talleyrand read the book, marveling that a great traveler could write such an interesting work. At dinner she astonished her guests by suddenly exclaiming: "Mon Dieu, monsieur, what joy you must have felt on your island when you found Friday!"

The historian Freeman had always been a very regular attendant at church services, and knew almost all the Psalms by heart. Sometimes, according to Professor William Clark, he gave evidence of this knowledge in a manner savaging slightly of irreverence. Writing of Dean Alford in the "Saturday Review," for which he was a frequent contributor, he made a reference to the copiousness of the dean's contributions to the periodical literature of the day. Dean Alford, he said, seemed incapable of abstaining even for a single month, so that, he said, if ever a month passed by without its appearing in the "Contemporary Review" or the "Sunday Magazine" or some similar publication, we can imagine his taking up the language of the Psalmist, and saying: "I kept silence yea, even from 'Good Words,' but it was pain and grief unto me."

At one time Bishop Williams of Marquette was university preacher at Cornell for a few weeks, and during that time he not only gave fine sermons, but provided his friends at the university with many good stories. One he brought from Winnipeg, where he had been attending the synod of the Canadian church. He had seen there a missionary bishop who had come a long journey

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**Wm. Tyrrell & Co.**  
8 King Street West**Lady Gay's Column**

THE instinct of nicely in dress is born in some women, but, fortunately, is also a grace that may be acquired by observation and instruction. It is not as deplorable a thing when a woman really does not value the power of becoming and dainty clothes, as when realizing that they are a power, but lacking taste and discernment, she "plies hill on mountain" of blunders and mistakes in her choice of the garb she inhabits. My dearest friend is precious to me for many a charming quality, among others for the lovely domination she sometimes exercises over my selection of a special gown or wrap, when her unerring taste is my wonder and delight. A dressmaker who can dress one without bringing one's weak points into notice is rare and priceless; an artist who can not only subdue humps and bumps and bulges and hollows and angles and violent freaks of tint, but who can unerringly select just the fabric and shape and shade that will be harmonious and beautifying to the contour and coloring of the ordinary woman, is of the "Imperial Order of Modesty," a king, an emperor, or, as is not so frequent, the female equivalent. There is nothing so futile, pathetic and generally distressing as the spectacle of an ill-gowned woman. Famous and honored men may wear baggy trousers and hunchy coats and rusty hats and remain uncriticized, unhampered and uninjured by their crudeness or carelessness, but, who can be to the great lady in the florid complexion and bright green gown, to the sallow woman in the turquoise velvet, or the turkey necked girl in the high stock and sloping shoulders. I have observed hats that were a positive crime, robbing their wearers of all dignity and in extreme cases of all appearance of respectability. I have worn a hat in which I could not convey the impression of a just regard for the ten commandments. It was comfortable and handy and "tough!" and only some rough but real friend told me just what it suggested to the unknown. I'd have worn it in careless unconcern until it dropped in pieces, I suppose. Verily in our habiliments, "more evil is wrought by want of thought than by want of heart." It's all very well to quote the likes of the field and to decry personal vanity and cite the magnificent peacock as most ridiculous of fowls. I always adored the lordly bird, and can admire him, strut and all, without ceasing. If you contrast his display and the fuss he makes with the turkey gobble and his demonstration you'll see at a glance the difference between a well-dressed and an ill-dressed bird. The parlors of our beau monde have many specimens of peacocks and, alas! of gobblers, too.

In Servia.  
Some kind of vitch,  
We don't know which,  
Is on the Serbian throne.  
With wild acclaim  
They spoke his name,  
And hailed him as their own.  
Now mouths are raw  
And every face  
Looks like an open switch.  
And every place  
From shouting—something  
"Vitch." —Brooklyn "Times."

**The Root of the Matter.****He Cured Himself of Serious Stomach Trouble, by Giving Down to First Principles.**

A man of large affairs in one of our prominent eastern cities by too close attention to business, too little exercise and too many club dinners, finally began to pay nature's tax, levied in the form of chronic stomach trouble; the failure of his digestion brought about a nervous irritability, making it impossible to apply himself to his daily business, and finally deranging the kidneys and heart.

In his own words he says: "I consulted one physician after another, and each one seemed to understand my case, but all the same they each failed to bring about the return of my former digestion, appetite and vigor. For two years I went from pillar to post, from one sanitarium to another; I gave up smoking, I quit coffee and even renounced my daily glass or two of beer, but without any marked improvement.

"Friends had often advised me to try a well-known proprietary medicine, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and I had often perused the newspaper advertisements of the remedy, but never took any stock in advertised medicines nor could believe a fifty-cent patent medicine would touch my case.

"To make a long story short, I finally bought a couple of packages at the nearest drug store and took two or three tablets after each meal and occasionally a tablet between meals, when I felt any feeling of nausea or discomfort.

"I was surprised at the end of the first week to note marked improvement in my appetite and general health, and before the two packages were gone I was certain that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets was going to cure completely, and they did not disappoint me. I can eat and sleep and enjoy my coffee and cigar, and no one would suppose I had ever known the horrors of dyspepsia.

"Out of friendly curiosity I wrote to the proprietors of the remedy asking for information as to what the tablets contained, and they replied that the principal ingredients were aspic pepsin (gummosine test), malt diastase and other natural digestives, which digest food regardless of the condition of the stomach."

The root of the matter is this, the digestive elements contained in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest the food, give the overworked stomach a chance to recuperate and the nerves and whole system receive the nourishment which can only come from food; stimulants and nerve tonics never give real strength, they give a fictitious strength, invariably followed by reaction. Every drop of blood, every nerve and tissue is manufactured from our daily food, and if you can ensure its prompt action and complete digestion by the regular use of so good and wholesome a remedy as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, you will have no need of nerve tonics and sanitarians.

Although Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets have been in the market only a few years, yet probably every druggist in the United States, Canada and Great Britain now sells them and considers them the most popular and successful of any preparation for stomach trouble.

"Young man," said the stern parent to the applicant for a job as son-in-law. "I want you to know that I spent five thousand dollars on my daughter's education." "Thanks," rejoined the youth who was trying to break into the family circle; "then I won't have to send her to a school again." —Chicago "Daily News."

**THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED****W.A. Murray & Co. Limited****Flexible "Dorothy Dodd" Footwear**

Every step one takes requires a certain amount of effort.

The unit of resistance, it is quite true, is scarcely noticeable, but as one usually takes about 5,000 steps in an hour's walk—the multiple calls for considerable strength expenditure—now you see, don't you? how important it is to have flexible soles on your shoes.

The one shoe for women that takes up this question of flexible soles, and provides for it, is the "Dorothy Dodd." To produce its extreme flexibility the inner soles are specially constructed from special leather.

And by the way, the new Fall models are here—stunning styles they are too—more than twenty of them. Price, for Boots, \$3.75; Oxfords, \$3.00. We are sole selling agents for Toronto.

**W.A. Murray & Co. Limited 17 to 31 King St. East. 10 to 16 Colborne St. Toronto.**

—you must be!" The young woman stood speechless, stunned by the unexpected encounter; then she swayed and fell, into a pair of strong but trembling arms. Her husband rushed round to her, but her father held her fast, and looked absorbed into her white face. "Is it true?" stammered the husband. "I never knew she was not the real daughter of the lady who passed as her mother." "It is true," said the old magistrate, gathering her into his arms and carrying her to a couch, and just as he laid her down she opened her eyes—"her mother's eyes"—and whispered, "Dear father, I am so glad."

Is there a funnier thing on earth than the small boy? I am thinking of one who rushed in and thus hailed the trusty servant of the household: "Oh, Mary, do you think you could manage to get a crease in my best trousers in twenty minutes? I am invited to tea with a lot of fellows!" LADY GAY.

**Suffered Half a Life Time.****One More Splendid Cure Credited to Dodd's Kidney Pills.**

DOCTORS SAID NICHOLAS ECKER HAD GRAVEL OR BRIGHT'S DISEASE, OR SOMETHING ELSE. DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS GAVE HIM THE VIGOR OF EARLY MANHOOD.

St. Catharines, Ont., Aug. 31.—(Special.)—Nicholas Ecker, the well-known farmer, living near St. John's P.O., on the dividing line of Pelham and Thorold Townships, who has been restored to health after twenty-nine years' suffering from Kidney Disease, has given a statement for publication. It reads:

"I had been a sufferer from Kidney Complaint for twenty-nine years. I had the most distressing Backache, Irritation of the Spine, and Headaches, coupled at times with an excruciating pain about the lower part of the body. What I suffered no pen can describe. Insomnia, too, added its terrors, and I was greatly reduced in flesh.

"Three different doctors attended me. One said I had Gravel, another called it Bright's Disease, while the third said I was in a dangerous condition. None of them gave me any permanent help, and my friends thought I could not live much longer.

"At this stage I gave up other treatment and started using Dodd's Kidney Pills. After taking two boxes I found they were helping me, and I continued till I had taken sixteen boxes, when I was again enjoying the splendid vigor of earlier manhood."

NAN—Is there any infallible cure for seasickness? Tom—Oh, yes; when you feel the symptoms coming on, all you have to do is to go out and sit under a tree. You will very soon recover.

Pussy.—Would you like to guess your age?" Not for worlds, for Pussy J. might be apt to claw me if I guessed wrong. So you won't get any "perfect answer," but my words can warn you. Your writing is individual and eloquent. It shows a good deal of cleverness and independent thought and action and has lines of appreciation of talent and beauty, harmony and art. You are adaptable, resourceful and goodnatured, and a ripe heavy mentality, ambition and dominant force and love of its exercise are shown. Writer has not much imagination, is somewhat discreet, somewhat conscious of merit and a desire to put herself out for others, though she can be generous on occasions. A practical and sensible person this.

Lyderhome—"A wet day" here, too, but a great deal to do, instead of little, as you are happy case. I can tell you one thing about you, that your husband, like Rip Van Winkle, is a happy man. For he has a wife with most commendable qualities. You are bright and quick in perception, strong and a bit fond of pleasure, like a gay and busy center, have sometimes a touch of coquettishness or rather a lack of courage under stress of those pleasant ways and tempers, not any secretiveness, but a generally taking and magnanimous manner, have capacity for warm and amiable conversation and your own standard of what is right and proper. I have just turned the page and will carry it through for you, have at times the dominant touch which removes mountains."

You are rather careful of detail, and might become a valuable worker if you are fortunate in your inheritance. Beware of being satisfied with outer show and try to be thorough and reliable.

Scribbles—I've got a winner this time. Friend—New historical novel? Scribbles—No; it's a book of excuses for borrowing money. They're all catalogued. Five for every day in the year.—Chicago "Daily News."

Hat Salesman—So you invaded France with your line? How did you make out?

Bicycle Salesman—Very poor. Every time I handed any one my card he thought I wanted to fight a duel.—Chicago "Daily News."

Philanthropy—Andrew Carnegie—I would like to give your town a public library. Leading citizen—Thank you, Mr. Carnegie. It is very noble of you to propose such a thing. How much do you want us to subscribe for letting you put your name over the entrance?—Chicago "Record-Herald."

Correspondence COUPON

The above Coupon MUST accompany every geographical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Geographical studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Roy.—I have seen by this time that the "charges" did not result in any real good. Perhaps you've even forgotten them. They were made so long since they were made. 2. Your writing is quite interesting, showing thought and practical but bright method. There is somewhat erratic impulse; it seems as if your actions were sometimes lacking control. You are rather self-possessed, and are of anything but a dull or even

temperament, have a good deal of spontaneity, but not very marked purpose; you are volatile, careless of detail, earnest in effort, and ambitious to succeed and advance. You should take a vital interest in your surroundings and opinions, with some originality and brightness. You look like a person born under one of the double signs of the Zodiac. I should have liked the date of your birth.

NAT.—I fancy the other delineation has gone before this, as yours has been mislaid. I am indeed sorry not to have opened your letter sooner, as I should have been very glad to have obliged you, especially as you made your request in so ingratiating a manner. Did you say something nice? I am sure I like it. Your writing is the better class of business hand with a good deal of frank, enterprising and able "go" in it. There is good temper, sympathy and content shown, caution, love of the beautiful, harmony, art, very good, and reliance on yourself. I think you would be a true friend and might be trusted with a secret. You are not aggressive nor pugnacious, and should be a most pleasant fellow.

NORTHERN.—That you have been a constant reader of Saturday Night for ten years is the only reason why you don't like my first delineation, you should demand another. A constant reader for ten years is so much in the paper's debt that one delineation should more than satisfy him.

You seem a good sort generally. I'd like to say that whenever you say "put you in a hole" and brought upon you the banter of your friends, if you send it, I'll consider it.

KIM.—A person born June 23 comes under Cancer, the "July" sign, but not under the "fallest influence." A person born under Libra, the "September" sign, is subject to changes of temperament. The scales often go up, up, up, and come down, down, down, without control. But once poised, the Libra character is as stable as it is always attractive and beautiful and interesting. Fair and of the perfect Libra, whose gift of expression is sometimes fine and insight very keen and true. You have concentration, some sentiment, fair discretion, and some refinement and manners and observant nature. If a Libra, you are in a very favorable atmosphere and state of progress, but have much to learn.

Brunette.—You would be best in some position where your own best efforts would be demanded for success and advancement. You have ambition, inspiration and endeavor well developed.

At the same time, your writing is crude, showing natural, but uncultured, ability, power of concentration, narrow outlook, and a bright, but untrained, observation.

When you embrace your scheme you will carry it through for you have at times the dominant touch which removes mountains.

You are rather careful and discreet, somewhat conscious of merit and a desire to put herself out for others, though she can be generous on occasions. A practical and sensible person this.

Pussy J.—Would you like to guess your age?" Not for worlds, for Pussy J. might be apt to claw me if I guessed wrong. So you won't get any "perfect answer," but my words can warn you. Your writing is individual and eloquent. It shows a good deal of cleverness and independent thought and action and has lines of appreciation of talent and beauty, harmony and art. You are adaptable, resourceful and goodnatured, and a ripe heavy mentality, ambition and dominant force and love of its exercise are shown. Writer has not much imagination, is somewhat discreet, somewhat conscious of merit and a desire to put herself out for others, though she can be generous on occasions. A practical and sensible person this.

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For he has a wife with most commendable qualities. You are bright and quick in perception, strong and a bit fond of pleasure, like a gay and busy center, have sometimes a touch of coquettishness or rather a lack of courage under stress of those pleasant ways and tempers, not any secretiveness, but a generally taking and magnanimous manner, have capacity for warm and amiable conversation and your own standard of what is right and proper. I have just turned the page and will carry it through for you, have at times the dominant touch which removes mountains.

Child Louisa.—Now I recognize you, and what a jolly child you are, to be sure. I can assure you I prize the love of the young things, and particularly the Irish young things. I know you had a howling fit, the day after you heard of it since then. There is talent and to prove it, just now as I looked at the back of your envelope before opening it I said to myself, "That's a clever hand." If it strikes me so every time, Louisa, it must be true. There is one thing you mustn't do,

use the coarse slang of the day. "A 'H.' is for the coarser sex, and the lower specimens at that. I don't like my child to express herself so. Your letters are good, but I hope you will be more careful in the future.

**A Dinner Up a Tree.**

**T**HE month of June is usually a pleasant period to visit Paris, but June of last year was an exception. I am within bounds when I state that during the thirty days it rained, more or less, on twenty of them. I never remember Jupiter Pluvius to have been so active in the Ville Lumière. There was a period of four days when the sun never indulged in a single glimmer, and I was by no means surprised to read in the "Figaro" of many suicides. I never saw the usually lighthearted Parisians so "friste" and silent. A wag advertised in the "Petit Journal": "Lost or mislaid, the summer of 1902. A suitable reward will be given to anyone who will return it safe and sound and ensure its continuance with etc."

Before I went to Paris I had planned excursions to many of its richly-wooded environs, such as Versailles, St. Cloud, Ville d'Avray, Suresnes, Fontenay-aux-Roses, St. Germain-en-laye, and other pretty blossom-growing places. But the elements were dead against me. It is not cheerful to explore the countryside under an umbrella, with your trousers tucked into your boots, and the rain beating in your face. Trees, foliage, flowers, vegetation, forests, all look better when they are lighted up by the sun, as a play goes better when the footlights are full on. The result was, I dined every day in Paris, and so my amiable plot to sample the cuisine of the surrounding towns and villages was defeated. The inclement, showery weather did it.

"Well," said I, "as I can't dine about in the way I had planned, I'll eat all over Paris."

And so I made daily jumps by way of contrast. On a Monday I would dine at the table d'hôte of the Hotel Continental, and it is the very best alimentary equivalent for the outlay of seven francs I know of in Paris. M. Boulenaz, the manager of the splendid hotel, looks well after his cooks, pays them liberal salaries, and therefore obtains the services of accomplished artists. The "salle à manger" is not over ornamental, and, thank goodness, there is no music during dinner. I share the opinion of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan that when one dines one does not wish to call the sense of hearing into activity. It interferes with conversation, and a fastidious gourmet does not desire the pleasure of his palate interfered with by crotchetts and quavers that have no connection with his soup and fish.

The next day I made a wide leap in dining. I called a cab and went off to a cheap restaurant near the Parc des Buttes-Chaumont, on one of the highest points of Belleville, in the midst of ancient quarries, and the reputed stronghold of Anarchists. I thought me to try the rough-and-ready cuisine of the discontented proletariat, so I sought a Bouillon-Rôtisserie pension called "Au Boeuf Saignant" and had a dinner for two francs, consisting of a hors-d'œuvre, a thin soup, three plats au choix, and a dessert—a half bottle of white Bordeaux. The coffee with cognac was three francs extra—certainly not dear.

I observed I had a restless night after this democratic repast. Perhaps it was the friandise a Poselle (one of the plats au choix I had selected), or the doctored white Bordeaux, which suggested by its strength that it might have been fortified with some vitriolic irritant. Possibly it was the combination, but I saw red-hot dragons with eyes of fire and blue tails in my dreams, and I felt myself, as daylight dawned, precipitated over the great cascade of the Buttes-Chaumont, which, by the way, is the one noteworthy thing to see at Belleville. I then and there determined I would dine no more in that elevated part of Paris.

Presto! A mighty change. The next day, to conciliate my digestive apparatus, I dined at the Hotel Ritz, in the Place Vendôme, and as old Pepys says in his diary, "a mighty pretty dinner it was; fit for a king," meaning King Charles II., whom the old diarist kept close track of.

Happening to meet my friend, Mr. Gustav Baumann of the Holland House, New York, who was on a flying visit to "gay Paree," he asked me if I had ever dined up a tree at Robinson—a village named after the famous Crusoe, Defoe's hero—about ten miles from Paris. I had heard of a lunch in a balloon, but had never dined up a tree.

"Let me advise you to do so, then; it will be a unique occasion," suggested Mr. Baumann. "And as you seem to have eaten all over creation, you can, for once, leave the earth and dine up in the air, amid the foliage of a towering beech."

I liked the notion, profited by his advice, and we went to Robinson the next day. Mr. Baumann assured me that he had gone there on an occasion to dine, and was so charmed with the country around the village that he remained for a week. I was not in the mood to dine in trees for a week. I should certainly have thought that I was realizing, in an inverse manner, the Darwinian theory about the monkeys, who are apt to dine in tree tops all the year round.

I found Robinson to be the next village to Fontenay-aux-Roses, the pretty spot where an annual "couronnement de la rosière," the crowning of a village virgin with a garland of roses takes place. It was on a Sunday, and for a wonder the sun was on duty, shining quite brilliantly, for it had taken a rest the four previous days. Robinson was in full, fair going on, with peep-shows, roundabouts, shooting galleries, waxworks, stacks of gilded gingerbread, fortune tellers, photographers, and highly-tinted lemonade at one sou the glass. The streets overflowed with children of all ages, blowing on yellow paper-mache horns, and eating the indigestible, greasy cakes called galette, brioches and gaufrés in the intervals of their discordant tooting. The irrepressible donkey was everywhere, and shaggy ponies crept up now and again with the Parisian calèches ("counter jumpers," in English) on them, out for the day.

It required but little search to find the restaurant that has turned the tall, handsome trees of its garden into small thatched-roofed pavilions. They are built solidly into the strong branches, and plainly furnished with deal tables, straw-seated chairs and coarse, clean napery. The visitors ascend by a flight of rustic steps, and the food is hauled up in wicker baskets by a stout cord and pulley. There is a waiter below and a waiter above, and considering the distance the viands have to travel before

they reach the lips they are comfortably hot. There were three storeys on platforms on the tree in which Mr. Baumann and I dined. We occupied the middle one, while the pavilion above us was in the possession of several vocalists, who had been singing in "La Vie de Bohème" at the opera. They were a merry party, laughing and singing as though they had caught the giant spirit of poor Henri Murger, whose bust I saw, by the way, in the garden of the Luxembourg on our way to the railway station. If Murger were alive to-day, with his bright wit and facile pen, he would not be compelled to live on thirty-five francs a month! Champfleury, in his "Nuits d'Automne," declared that he and Murger only had seventy francs a month between them, and they managed to exist on what many a self-indulgent man spends on a single dinner, even if he be up a tree.

After we had opened a bottle of G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry, and lit our fragrant Marsuma cigars, made from the finest East Indian tobacco, our small wit went flying about among the leaves of the trees. Another dining hut perched on a high beech near our tree, of course we called a branch establishment, and Baumann protested that though we only drank champagne, we could not help being elevated. These obvious puns made us laugh because we were in high spirits, for when one dines up a tree

delay in the announcement of the engagement of Miss Muriel White, daughter of the Secretary of the United States Legation, and Austen Chamberlain, M.P., is due to the bitter opposition of Joseph Chamberlain, who feels that his eldest son could more materially assist his prospects by marrying into one of the great and wealthy English families. Inasmuch as the Colonial Secretary married Miss Endicott of Massachusetts, daughter of President Cleveland's Secretary of War, London society is amused at his opposition to the marriage of his son to an "American" girl. Austen Chamberlain, by the way, is already forty years old. He has accumulated considerable wealth, and, as he is a great social and political favorite, he is considered a great catch by dowagers with marriageable daughters.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster, who have been launched upon English social life only a year, have apparently resolved to follow in the footsteps of the late Lady Sefton and the present Duchess of Buccleuch, both of whom made a special point of excluding "Americans" from all their grand parties. The Duchess is the sister of the Princess Henry of Pless, and Colonel George Cornwallis-West, who married Lady Randolph Churchill. The first incident in the Duchess of Westminster's crusade against "Americans" was in the case of



A UNIQUE RESTAURANT, NEAR PARIS.

in the welcome sunshine one is apt to look on the bright side of little things, and imagine geese to be swans.

While in the trees, we fell to chatting of Sarah Bernhardt, who was just then performing in London, and the folly of playing Dumas' "Femme de Claude." I have always held the opinion that Dumas drowns his drama in a deluge of talk. There never was such an interminable talker as he when he got that irritating bee in his bonnet of "L'Homme Femine." Very clever talk, no doubt, of its kind, and appropriate in an essay, but not on the stage. There are speeches in the "Femme de Claude" that occupy three pages of printed matter. Audiences chafe under those long-winded tirades, and object to being lectured. That is one reason the plays of Dumas are not popular in England or the United States. There is a brilliant exception—the "Dame aux Camélias," which was written in a week, on any odd scraps of paper that came to his hand. He told me, on an occasion when I had the privilege of meeting him at a dinner at a friend's house, that he wrote the second act in five hours. He also told me that when he read it to the actors it was received with applause, tears, and the assurance of an instant success. Mlle. Guizolphe, a pretty actress to whom the role of Olympia was destined, during the reading went into convulsions of tears that ended in a violent hysteria. Dumas asked her why she was so affected, and he protested that she herself was consoling, and told she would like Marguerite Gautier, the heroine of the play. And, curiously enough, this charming lady did perish of that malady several years later, and still more curious, died on the same bed that had been occupied by a Marie Duplessis, who was the original whom Dumas had in his mind when he wrote his emotional masterpiece. M. Dumas also took the famous tragic actress, Rachel, to witness the play, and she was so agitated by the superb acting of Madame Doche that, before the fifth act was over, in which Marguerite dies, she entreated the author to assist her to her carriage, and she drove home in a state of anxious depression. She also died of consumption in Egypt a few years later.

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**FIREFLIES FOR SALE.**

In Japan there are established firms of firefly dealers, each employing sixty or seventy catchers, and exporting their catch chiefly to the large cities where fireflies are in adjunct to all grades of social festivity, from the private garden parties of nobles to an evening at a cheap tea-garden. Sometimes they are kept caged, sometimes released in swarms in presence of the guests.

The firefly-hunter starts forth at sunset with a long bamboo pole and a bag of mosquito-netting. On reaching a suitable growth of willows near water, he makes ready his net and strikes the branches, twinkling with the insects, with his pole. This jars them to the ground, where they are easily gathered up. But it must be done very rapidly, before they recover themselves enough to fly. So the skilled catcher, sparing no time to put them at once into the bag, uses both hands to pick them up, and tosses them lightly into his mouth, where he holds them unharmed till he can hold no more, and only then transfers them to the bag.

He works thus till about two o'clock in the morning, when the insects leave the trees for the dewy soil. He then changes his method. He brushes the surface of the ground with a light broom to startle the insects into light; then he gathers them as before. An expert has been known to gather three thousand in a night.

Besides being a business, firefly-catching is a sport. Little girls pursue it with their fans, boys with wands to which a wisp of yarn is fastened, and they sing an old folk-rhyme as they follow the glistening insects:—

"Firefly, come! firefly, come! with your lantern-light,

All the boys of Seiki are wanting you to-night."

Nor do the elders disdain to join the sport. They also organize festival parties to visit certain spots, long known and famous, to witness the beautiful spectacles of the fireflies swarming. Special trains, carrying thousands of visitors, are run during the season to Uji, the most renowned, to behold the Horata-Kassen, or Firefly Battle.

Myriads of fireflies hovering over a gentle river so swarm and cling together that they appear at one time like a luminous cloud, again like a great ball of sparks. Cloud on ball, the wonder soon breaks, and thousands of the fallen insects drift with the stream, while new swarms form, reform and sparkle continuously above the water. So marvelous is the sight that a Japanese poet wrote:—

"Do I see only fireflies drifting with the current, or is the night itself drifting, with all its swarming stars?"

**WHAT THOUSANDS SAY.**

**The Great Cry of Those Who Have Been Relieved from the Miseries of Dyspepsia by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.**

"I cannot say enough in favor of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets." That's what Miss Gusty V. Campbell of Little Shippagan, Gloucester County, N.B., says, and it's what thousands of others are saying every day. They can give you their reasons for saying it, too. Miss Campbell gives hers as follows:

"I suffered from Dyspepsia for two months and was always getting worse till reading of cures by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets led me to try them. One box cured me completely, and I can honestly recommend Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets to all who are suffering from Dyspepsia."

It is cures like this that have made Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets a household word throughout Canada. They promptly relieve the aches and pains of Dyspepsia; they drive away the despondency that is one of the worst features of this too common complaint. But they do more. They cure Dyspepsia once and for all. You can't find a Dyspeptic who has ever used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

**A Revival of Croquet.**

**A**n outdoor game for old men has shown a marked revival in popularity this year in the United States. Croquet is the parent of the word croque. Croquet is the parent of the word croque. Take away from the term croquet its first letter and its last, and the term croque remains. In like manner, take away from the game of croquet its foolishness and its inaccuracies, and the game of croque is left, say the croque experts.

Croquet is a game as scientific as billiards, but its rules resemble croquette's rules. There is a peg, like a croquette peg, at each end of the court; there are nine wickets, like croquette wickets, set in a regular croquettelike pattern;

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectively clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All drugists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but, on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

**INDIVIDUALITIES.**

A book of verse by Marie Corelli, to be brought out under the title "Songs and Poems," is announced for early publication.

J. A. Shepard, the brilliant English artist and illustrator, better known by his pseudonym, "Phil May," died in London last week, at the age of 38 years. He was a victim of consumption, and his end is said to have been hastened by his Bohemian life, hard work, and fondness for late hours. His most notable work was done for "Punch" and "Graphic."

It is reported from London that the

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there are balls to shoot through the wickets; just as in croquet, and there are mallets; like croquet mallets, where with to hit these balls. But the croquet court is as firm and smooth as a billiard table, and its boundaries are of rubber, so that balls may carom from them as from a billiard-table's cushions. The balls themselves are solid rubber. The wickets, of bright steel, are only one-quarter of an inch broader at their base than the balls that must be shot through them. The short mallets are tipped with rubber and bound with brass or silver, and the material used in their making is rosewood or Turkish boxwood or lignum vitae or amaranth.

Rogue, in a word, is croquet, but croquet perfected, croquet made scientific. Rare is the skill of its disciples acquire, and admirable are the improvements that the game makes in their health.

It is interesting to consider the care with which a croquet court is made. The soil first is dug out to a level about two feet below the one which the court will ultimately have. A base is then made of big stones and cinders, and on this base layers of smaller and smaller stones are set, until finally there is a top layer of fine gravel. The gravel is covered with a four-inch coat of richest, purest clay, and after this has been mathematically leveled, and rolled to a bricklike firmness, it is sanded with a tiny sifting of white sea sand. The court's dimensions are seventy-two by thirty-six feet, and its boundaries of wood have rubber cushions, shaped like pool or billiard-table cushions, which present to the ball a sharp edge, so that it will rebound from them briskly. The court is rolled daily, first with a heavy, and afterward with a light, roller. It is daily watered and sanded, and after every game the ground about the wickets is leveled with a pinewood leveling board.



the White Mountains, where they passed their vacation. Miss Bradley has been engaged as soprano soloist at St. Paul's Methodist Church, Avenue road.

Mr. P. J. McAvay resumes his vocal classes on September 7.

Mrs. Ryan-Burke will resume her work in voice culture September 7, at the Conservatory of Music.

Mr. A. S. Vogt returned to town from his holiday fishing trip on Monday feeling like a giant refreshed. He is now in excellent condition to resume his professional teaching work, as also to begin at an early date the rehearsals of the Mendelssohn Choir.

After further deliberation the committee of the Carlton Choir have decided to adopt the name of the "Sherlock Vocal Society" for the enlarged organization. The decision was arrived at partly from a desire to pay a merited compliment to the talented choirmaster of the Carlton Church choir, who is to be the conductor, and partly to avoid a confusion of names with the Carlton Church choir proper. The new society, which will number at the outset one hundred voices, will enter the oratorio field, and will make their first essay during the coming season with Haydn's "Creation," which has been laid on the shelf for some years by our older musical societies. For some time to come the society will hold their rehearsals in the lecture room of Carlton Street Dundas Center Church, London, Ont.

Mr. J. W. Baumann returned last Tuesday from Parry Sound, where he has been taking his well-earned holidays, and has resumed his teaching at his violin studio at Nordheimer's. Mr. Baumann has no yarn to tell about discovering a genuine Cremona violin on one of the islands of the Georgian Bay.

Manager Small has, it seems, adjusted his difficulties with the musical unionists of London, Ont., and has consequently been permitted to engage the respective orchestras of Messrs. Jennings and Obernier at the Grand and Toronto Opera Houses. The latter theater is not, however, yet rebuilt, but may be ready for performances some time in November.

The new organ of the Metropolitan Church, which will be one of the largest church organs in America, will, it is expected, be ready for use in sacred service very shortly. Dr. Torrington is enthusiastic over the resources of the instrument, and is revelling in the prospect of being able to pile up a colossal crescendo from the pianissimo of one soft stop to the overwhelming climax of the seventy-six registers, a proceeding which the mechanism will make possible.

Mr. Frank S. Welsman, who has passed his vacation in Muskoka, returned to town about a fortnight ago for the purpose of delivering three lectures at Loretto Abbey on piano playing. He resumed his teaching, at his studio at the rooms of Mason & Ris in last Monday. I understand that he will give several recitals during the season, and is preparing a new concert repertory which should prove decidedly interesting.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth, who has been spending the months of July and August at Leggat's Point, Grand Metis, will return to the city on Monday next. He will be at his studio for private teaching at Nordheimer's on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.

According to London "Truth" the Prince and Princess of Wales some weeks ago attended the ceremony of the dedication of the nave of Truro Cathedral. The cathedral organist had expressly composed an anthem for the occasion. Its title was "How Dreadful Is This Place!"

James Huneker of the New York "Sun" has experienced a new sensation in hearing a performance at Budapest of a genuine gypsy band. This is the way he describes his experience: "This particular band was excellent. Finding that some of the listeners only wished for gypsy music, the leader played the most frantic bauchan in his repertory. Not more than eight men made up the ensemble. And such an ensemble! It seemed to be the ideal definition of anarchy—unity in variety. Not even a Richard Strauss score gives such an idea of horizontal and vertical music—heard at every point of the compass, issuing from the bowels of the earth, pouring down upon one's head like a Tyrrhenian thunderstorm. Every voice was independent and syncopated as were the rhythms. There was no raggedness in attack or cessation. Like a streak of rugged, blistering lightning, a tone would dart from the double bass to the very scroll of the fiddle. In mad pursuit over a country as black as Servian politics, went the cymbalon, closely followed by two clarionets—in B and E flat. The treble pipe was played by a jeweler in disguise—he must have been a jeweler so fond was he of ornamentation and cataracts of peary tones. They made a trellis-work, behind which he attacked his foes, the string players. In the midst of all this melodic chaos, the leader, cradling his fiddle like something alive, swayed as sways a tall tree in the gale. Then he left the 'podium' and sat in hand, collected white pieces and 'kronen.' The tone of the band was more brilliant, more resolute than the bands we hear in America. And there was more heart, fire, swing and dash in their playing. The sapping melancholy of the 'Lassu' and the diabolical vigor of the 'Frisch' are things that I shall never forget. These gypsies have an instinctive sense of tempo. Their allegretto is a genuine allegretto. They play ragtime music with true rhythmic appreciation for the reason that its metrical structure is grateful to them. The Budapest version of the Rakoczy 'March' is a revelation. No wonder Berlioz borrowed it. The tempo is a wild quick step; there is no majestic breadth, so suggestive of military pomp, or the grandeur of a warlike race. Indeed, the music defiled in crazy squalls, men clinging breathlessly to the saddles of their maddened steeds; above them hung the haze of battle, and the hoarse shouting of the warriors was heard. Five minutes more of this excitement and heart disease must have supervened. Five minutes later I saw the band grinning over their tips, drinking beer and looking absolutely incapable of ever playing such stirring and hyperbolical music."

According to the "Musical Age" the old and well-known firm of the Mason and Hamlin Company has gone into voluntary bankruptcy.

The newest pianist is Ottokar Malek, of whom we learn from a professional critic of Prague the following facts: Ottokar Malek began to play the piano when he was but seven years old, and at once studied under the best masters—J. Leschetizky, Gruenfeld, and others. He soon became known as a musician

of the most remarkable ability. He was an instructor in the Conservatory of Vienna when Kubelik entered it. Kubelik was a protege of the young Bohemian pianist. The latter had in his possession a violin given to him by his father—an instrument for which he has refused £1,000. This he lent to Kubelik when the lad made his debut. Malek possesses a remarkable pair of hands, whose reach and dexterity outrival those of the world's greatest players. He shrinks from no technical difficulties. He should make a tremendous sensation in America, particularly as he plays a number of concertos that have not been done there before."

During the summer season Mr. Rechab Tandy has visited numerous cities and towns, singing in many churches and giving a number of vocal recitals with unequalled success, the press generally speaking in the highest terms of his voice and finished singing. Mr. Tandy has returned to the city and has resumed his teaching at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, where he can be consulted.

At the summer residence of Mr. W. F. Tisdale, Balmoral Beach, on Friday evening last, the choir of Wesley Church met and presented their retiring organist and choirmaster, Mr. G. D. Atkinson, with a handsome gold watch, as a token of appreciation and esteem. Mr. Atkinson leaves this week to take up his new duties as organist and choirmaster of Dundas Center Church, London, Ont.

Although residing in London, Mr. G. D. Atkinson intends to keep up his connection with his Toronto class, and, as intimated in his professional card in another column, will teach at his Toronto studio every other Wednesday and Thursday.

#### The Macgregors of the Sahara.

HANK heaven, there is still some mystery left in the world. A book with a title like that of "The Masked Tawareks" makes us grateful that we live now and not some hundred years hence, when all the tracts of the world will be accurately mapped and epitomized in gazetteers, when no surprise will meet the traveler anywhere, when savage peoples will have died out or have become civilized into shirts and Sunday hats, and wild beasts will survive only as stuffed specimens in museums.

The masked Tawareks! Critical honesty compels us to say that the author is a mighty long while in getting at them; but the journey and the search are thoroughly enjoyable. The Tawareks are the people we hear of so often in connection with French extension in North Africa. The Sahara is their country—the Sahara of sand, loneliness and desolation; the Sahara of the oasis, the palm plantation and the solitary mosque. As to the origin of the Tawareks and their language let the learned decide. Our author describes them as a Berber race; but, whatever their history or descent, certain it is that to-day they are nomads of the Sahara who levy blackmail on all who use the caravan routes through the desert, and, failing concession of their demands, make free to pay themselves in the "good old way, the simple plan." They live in small wandering communities far from the settled haunts of other peoples, to whom they are known chiefly as raiders who come like a whirlwind upon the campment in the dark before the dawn, and make no scruple to take human life if they are resisted. To visit the Tawareks, note their ways and customs, and if possible photograph their countenances, was the object of our author. This last promised to be difficult, for it is a point of almost religious etiquette among the Tawareks to keep the face covered up to the level of the eyes with a folded cloth. How Mr. King found his Tawareks at last, and succeeded in taking photographs of three of their women, whom he persuaded to unveil in the absence of the men, makes most interesting reading. The countenance of the young male Tawarek whom, with much greater difficulty than in the case of the women, he induced to uncover his face is extremely fine as reproduced by photography. The youth might be poet as well as warrior. How far it is typical the author does not say, and probably cannot, as he had few opportunities of seeing uncovered faces. But he tells us enough of other characteristics of the Tawareks, the pride, the dignity, the stature, the fearlessness, to wake in us that ancient belief in the open air as the true sphere of man's perfection and nobility.

Patching up the strings as best he could, and tuning them carefully that the instrument might not, like W. S. Gilbert's bagpipes, "wander about into several keys," the violinist amazed and delighted the fisher-folk in turn by playing some of the homely melodies of their country. After which, at a price which the father of the infant piffer deemed absurdly in excess of its value—an opinion in which the purchaser honestly did not concur—Burmester made the Guarnerius his own. It is interesting to know that when Willy Burmester returns to London late in the year he will, at his first concert of the season, use this rare and precious fiddle which may truly be said to have been blown into his hands by an ill wind."

Speaking about fiddles, there comes from Berlin the statement that Joachim's famous Stradivarius is "played out"; that is, it has been used so much that it is practically worn out. According to the expert, Harold Gorst, all the old Cremona violins will some day share the fate of Joachim's unless some millionaire gets up a violin trust and keeps the old instruments locked up in the same way that Paganini's violin is preserved at the museum at Genoa. But this locking up of these beautiful instruments would mean a loss to art. The question is, Whence will come the violins to replace the Cremona instruments when they are all "played out"? Joachim has, it is said, been advising those who could not afford to buy a "Strad" to get a Joseph Guarnerius, but the price of these of late years has doubled and quadrupled. Paganini owned a fine Strad, but preferred to play on a Guarnerius which he bequeathed to the city of Genoa. Ysaye also prefers the Guarnerius, although he, too, has a Strad, and the late Vieuxtemps and Wieniawski chose the Guarnerius for their solo concert violin. Certainly the Joseph Guarnerius has a richer and more luscious tone than has the Strad.

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#### A Water Contest.

A story in which a pointer's loyalty, persistence and foolhardiness are mixed in about equal proportions is quoted below from the New York "Sun." Pointers are not naturally good water dogs, but some of the breed, as sportsmen know, come near perfection, and such an exception is a dog owned by a Texan named Burleson.

One night Mr. Burleson shot a wild goose which was flying over to its night retreat in a salt bay. The bird was wing-tipped, came down on a long slant, and fell into a tank a quarter of a mile out. The dog did not notice it.

The next morning Mr. Burleson was walking over the prairie with the dog, and found the bird quietly swimming in a pond not more than a quarter of an acre in extent, but deep. It was in perfect condition, except for its slight wound, a large gander, and very powerful.

The dog recognized instantly that it was a wounded bird, and plunged in without a word of command. For a little while the gander kept out of the way, but it was finally penned in a corner. Then it dived, went under the dog and came up five yards away.

The dog resumed the chase, and the unequal contest was kept up for a quarter of an hour. The dog dived time after time, but of course could not catch its active adversary. Soon it was swimming with its nostrils barely out of water, and once or twice they went under. It was deaf to all commands. Its final drowning was only a matter of minutes.

Mr. Burleson had no gun. As a last recourse he gathered a little pile of stones from the edge of the pond and began hurling them at the gander. Finally, by chance, he struck it on the back near the base of the neck and stunned it for a moment. In that moment the dog closed and grasped it.

The dog was so tired that it could do nothing with the bird, but it held kept its head out of water while the gander thrashed it with its wings. The battling pair, the distressful snortings of the dog mingled with the hoarse calls of the gander, fought their way to within ten feet of the bank, and Mr. Burleson jumped in. The water came to his armpits when he reached them, but he grabbed the gander, took the dog in one hand and the bird in the other, and brought them ashore. The pointer was too exhausted to stand, but fell on the pebbly shore and lay there panting.

#### The Resemblance.

Jack—These summer engagements are like automobiles. Vivian—How so? Jack—Well, they jar one so, they are so easily broken, and a girl is never happy unless she's in one; and some of them are decidedly dangerous.—"Judge."

First Flea—Well, good-bye.

Second Flea—Where are you going?

The doctor insists upon my trying a higher altitude. I'm going to leave this Syke Terrier for a Great Dane."

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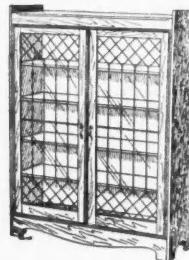
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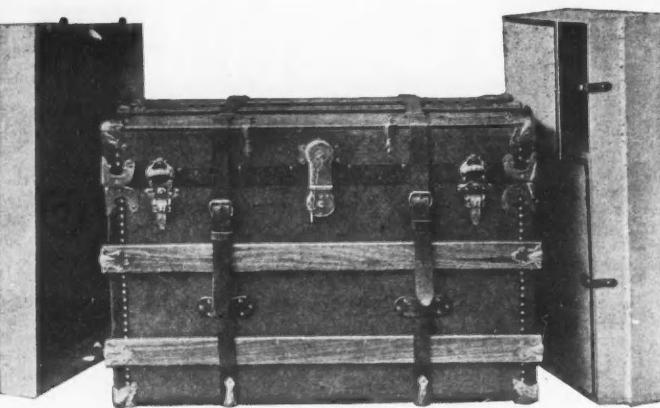
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The wet and gloomy weather rather interfered with the city attendance at the Island dances last Friday and Monday. The Aquatic has a clientele of Islanders, however, who never go back on it, and, if not so crowded, it was quite as jolly as ever.

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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